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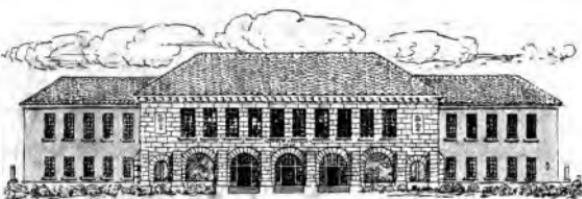
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# LETTERS TO A MOTHER

## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF FROEBEL

BY

SUSAN E. BLOW

AUTHOR OF SYMBOLIC EDUCATION, MOTTOES AND COMMENTARIES  
OF FROEBEL'S MOTHER PLAY, ETC.

NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
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ELECTROTYPE AND PRINTED  
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TO MY SISTER  
LIZZIE CHARLESS  
AND MY NIECE  
ATHENA FEODOROVNA,  
THROUGH WHOSE BRIEF BUT BEAUTIFUL LIVES  
I LEARNED TO REVERE IDEAL CHILDHOOD,  
THIS BOOK  
IS TENDERLY DEDICATED.



## **EDITOR'S PREFACE.**

---

FROEBEL seizes the rudimentary activities in the child's mind and discovers means of exercising them so as to educate them by development. He makes a systematic series of plays and games which point prophetically forward to the civilization which reveals itself in adult occupations.

The theory of evolution explains each faculty and habit of man by pointing back to some violence or danger against which the animal aroused all its energies to protect itself. The faculty or habit is a survival of that struggle. Modern educational theory sometimes borrows evolution to explain mental activities, and sometimes it supposes that it has thrown light upon methods of instruction when it has shown an activity to be the heir of a superstition which arose through some physical evil in a remote epoch—for example, when it has shown

that some religious doctrine is likewise a reminiscence of some ancient fear of Nature or some ordinance of the patriarchal stage of society. This evolution theory in education has one great defect—namely, that it does not discriminate between that class of present activities which are survivals and slowly becoming dormant through non-exercise, and on the other hand those activities which had rude beginnings and imperfectly realized their purpose, but have been perfecting themselves more and more with the progress of human civilization. According to the former diagnosis the belief in a God would be the survival of an ancient superstition, of the patriarchal family ordinance, or ancestor worship, while according to the latter it would be the result of the growth of man's insight into the purpose of Nature and man and the necessity of presupposing an Absolute Reason to explain the world of evolution in which we live.

To show that something is a survival is to discredit it. To show that it had a rude beginning, but has progressed onward to a divine realization is to make it precious.

Human life points forward as well as backward in evolution. There is not only the vanishing pro-

cess which appertains to crude conditions which have been outlived, but also a process of development by which "good is educed from evil, and good is made better yet in infinite progression." This latter view is the guiding insight for education; it looks upon the child as the father of the man. Love of life and freedom is not a survival of a crude and violent life experience in prehistoric times, but it is the primordial instinct that has created the long succession of progressive human conditions, crowning the whole with a Christian civilization:

Striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form.

The object of the present book is to explain in language addressed to the general public the philosophy of Froebel. Its author finds it necessary for this purpose to take up the most important doctrines one after the other as they were developed in the *Mutter und Kose Lieder*, and show their equivalents in the different systems of thought that prevail. In some cases these systems are in harmony with Froebel, and in other cases there is profound disagreement. It is well for all students of the kindergarten to deepen their knowledge of his prin-

ciples by seeing their ultimate consequences and understanding how they apply to practical questions in the instruction of the young. The teacher ought to be able to understand things in their causes and reasons, and not rely too much upon mere authority. The importance of this will be readily understood by those who have seen in recent years the unprofitable experiments made by kindergartners who have only partially understood Froebel, and who have been easily caught by some plausible doctrine brought forward as an improvement, but which is really at variance with the true theory of the kindergarten as well as with that of all sound pedagogy.

The readers of the discussions in this book will readily concede that the exposition of the results of the theory of the kindergarten, and also the defense of its practice as against systems that conflict with it, are presented with a clearness and force new in the literature of the subject. In this respect as well as in many others this book is most timely.

Froebel's doctrine of the kindergarten stands or falls with that theory of symbolism which teaches that truth can be presented in other ways than in the scientific form. It holds that the first stages

of cognition deal largely with symbols, and that only with the increasing power of analysis does the mind become able to discriminate differences as well as perceive identities. A vague perception of sameness or identity is all that the child can attain to. But when the object is brought accurately into the focus of the mind the definition grows toward completeness. The first stage of the development of the soul, therefore, is that in which feeling predominates over intellect and will.

In order to make clear how the earlier stage of the mind differs from the later I have often found it convenient to illustrate it by explaining the difference between mere facts, typical facts, and principles. Each fact depends on other facts. Everything depends on its environment. If we come to investigate what a fact really is, therefore, we see extending on all sides of it long series of relations and dependencies. A fact taken out of its relations would be no fact at all, or at least only an empty form of a fact. It is not sufficient to place us before the reality and expect that we shall know it adequately and without effort. That is the mistake of those who believe in perception rather than in apperception. Perception sees only what is externally

presented in the object before it. Apperception not only sees the object, but explains it by thinking it in the light of its past history and in its dependency upon distant objects not in the field of perception, thus re-enforcing the experience of the present moment by placing it in relation to all past experience.

In seizing a fact, everything depends on how large a portion of its entire compass is reached. The illustration of Isaac Newton and the apple has been often used to make this clear. Newton's perception may have been the same as that of the domestic animal who ran to devour the apple when it fell. But his apperception was altogether different. The animal saw only the practical and useful fact that the apple was good to eat and had come within his reach. Newton saw in the fall of the apple the cause acting as the law of gravity, which impelled the apple to the earth and also caused the movement of the moon which he noticed in the sky as he looked up through the branches of the apple tree. The animal had a practical, useful common sense, but it did not give him true knowledge. For the fact of the fall of the apple was not the whole fact. The true fact was much larger than the animal saw, for the fact included this great law of

gravity and the movements taking place according to it in the starry heavens. Without other attracting bodies than the apple there would have been no gravitation to cause any movement of falling.

A fact as usually observed is only a partial truth—it is a little glimpse of the true reality, it is a symbolic object of knowledge. Such a fact becomes truth only when it is seen in its scientific principle. Then we see the great whole of which the fact is only a partial manifestation. The animal senses alone do not see the truth, but only a small phase of it, as inadequate as the particular grass blade under our feet would be if it were offered to us as the reality of the whole vegetable world. The law of the fact states what is true under all circumstances.

Midway between facts and principles are typical facts. These are what art and poetry use. The natural symbolism of the mind uses such facts to best advantage. The typical fact is one so complete that it illustrates almost all of the phases of the law or principle. Each fact gives some phases of the law but not all, and is therefore defective. The typical fact should contain all phases.

Art and poetry in giving to facts the form of

types make for us a series of permanent facts. These facts of poetry do not have such historic reality as particular events or individuals have, but a deeper one, inasmuch as they present for us a more correct general impression. Shakespeare's historical plays give us an account of the development and growth of the English nation from a mere dependency of France and Rome to a mighty nation with a national church and a powerful House of Commons. No history yet written shows us the essentials—the typical facts—like these historical plays of Shakespeare. So, too, a novel of Charles Kingsley or of Walter Scott, of Felix Dahn or Sienkiewicz, may give us the true picture of an historic epoch, while the historian's account may be far from adequate, through its failure to seize the motives of the actors.

The mythical epoch of a nation's history furnishes symbols of theoretical and moral truths. The Prose Edda in recounting the events of Thor's journey to Utgard presents in an interesting way the doctrine above discussed of the inadequacy of facts merely perceived and not apperceived.

Thor was told to lift a cat which he saw in the corner of the room. As he lifted the animal it

arched its back and he could not reach high enough to raise all the feet clear of the floor. It was later explained to him by the giant that this cat was a coil of the world serpent which holds the world together. At one time Thor had succeeded in lifting one of the feet from the floor. Had he lifted all the feet the world serpent would have lost his grip and the world would have gone to pieces. Thor was told to drink a beaker of mead, but with all his efforts (and Thor was a famous drinker) he could not drain the cup. The explanation subsequently made to him was that the beaker which appeared to him as only a small cup was so connected with the sea that had he emptied it he would have emptied the sea. Every fact is like the world serpent in that in its entire compass it involves all the other facts of the world, and without a connecting principle all these facts go to pieces in chaotic confusion. Every fact is, like the beaker of mead, connected with a sea of facts, all of which must be comprehended if we truly comprehend the single fact.

W. T. HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 12, 1899.*



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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THE preface to Symbolic Education contains a promise of which the present volume is a partial fulfillment, although upon further reflection I have abandoned my original plan of publication. All kindergartners who love and appreciate the Mother-Play will realize that it needs more extended comment than that plan provided for, and will, I hope, accept this book as an attempt to show how each motto, song, and commentary should be studied.

As these letters may fall into the hands of some readers not familiar with the Mother-Play, it seems well to mention that they deal with comparatively few of the subjects discussed in that remarkable book. They will do most good to those in whom they quicken a resolution to master not only the Mother-Play, but all the works of Froebel.

There is an old superstition that no arrow goes straight to its mark unless it has been dipped in the

marksman's blood. The study of the Mother-Play has taught me truths through which, had I known them when I most needed them, I might have avoided many errors and been spared much sorrow. With the hope that my book may help others to avoid my own mistakes, I commit it to the generous judgment of readers, many of whom are already my friends.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

AVON, *December 27, 1898.*

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## LETTERS TO A MOTHER.

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### LETTER I.

#### HEART INSIGHT.

FALLING! FALLING!

#### MOTTO.

*A game to strengthen the whole body.*

All a mother does or says  
Is inspired by thoughtful love.  
“Falling! falling!” she is playing,  
But her hand the fall is staying,  
So her love to prove.

To her child her life is given,  
Thought, and word, and deed, and prayer;  
And her hold, an instant broken,  
To his mind is but a token  
Of her constant care.

Soon her arms must loose their hold,  
Not, as now, in pretty play—  
Keeping still their circle round him,  
That no jar or fright may wound him—  
But for all the day.

And for this, her thought and love  
Must his little life prepare;  
Teaching first how she is needed,  
That through her fond cautions heeded  
He may learn self-care.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

## LETTERS TO A MOTHER.

## SONG.

Down goes baby,  
Mother's pet;  
Up comes baby,  
Laughing yet.  
Baby well may laugh at harm,  
While beneath is mother's arm.

Down goes baby,  
Without fear;  
Up comes baby,  
Gayly here.  
All is joy for baby while  
In the light of mother's smile.

EMILIE POULESON.

YOUR letter, dear old friend, is in the imperative mood. You set my duty so clearly before me that I dare neither evade nor postpone it. So here begins the first of a series of letters upon the Mother-Play. Others shall follow as fast as I have time and strength to write them. I hope they may aid you to bring up my godson in the way he should go, and I shall also try to make them helpful to your sister Helen in her work with the children in her kindergarten.

As I write, I seem to see you and your dear little Harold before me, and recollections of my last long visit to you crowd upon my mind. Do you remember the morning you made your first experiment with the Falling Game, and how happy

you were when, after a few repetitions of the play, your boy's look of fear and anxiety changed to one of delight? Do you remember for how many weeks the minutes devoted to this game were the liveliest of our day; how after a time Master Harold found the Falling Play tame, and reserved his crows of delight for the Tossing Game, and how, without a sign of fear, he would let his papa toss him high in the air? Do you remember his advance from the Tossing Game to the Jumping Game, and with what confidence he sprang from the high mantle into your outstretched arms? If these pictures stand out in your memory as they do in mine, they will interpret the first scene in Froebel's drama of infancy far better than it can be interpreted by any words. Indeed, all that Froebel ever asks of mothers is to watch their own instinctive play, and define to themselves its latent motives.\*

Ask yourself, therefore, what impulse incited you to play the Falling Game. Was it not a long-

---

\* The reader must not understand that I am recommending mothers to play the Jumping and Tossing games, both of which are dangerous for babies. I refer to them in order to show that maternal instinct has always played upon the strings which Froebel touches in the Falling Game. He has selected the one play of this type which is free from danger.

ing to speed the moment when Harold should look into your face with recognizing eyes, when faith should spring up in his heart to meet the love in yours, and when the physical union between you and your baby should be transfigured into a union of hearts? Answer these questions, and then read in Froebel's song the lines:

“ Baby well may laugh at harm  
While beneath is mother's arm,”

and you will hold in your thought the key to the Falling Game. Some of the many doors this key unlocks I shall try to show you in this letter.

It has interested me to observe that, differing in this respect from every other game in the book, Falling-Falling implies no manifestation of the child as its point of departure, but springs unsolicited from the mother's heart. Love working from above downward is the condition of faith striving from below upward, and Froebel is hinting at rich depths of thought and experience when he begins his book with the picture of maternal devotion outrunning all appeal and seeking to call forth an answer to itself.

Understood as a typical experience, the lesson of

the Falling Game is that the nurture of childhood must be rooted and grounded in faith. If this truth seem to you so self-evident that you doubt the necessity of stating it, look within and around you, and you will find that every day and every hour force upon you instances of its violation. Do you know no parents who attempt to guide their children by explaining and justifying their own commands? Do you not know others who rule by mere brute force? Can you deny that you are yourself constantly betrayed into adopting one or the other of these false and futile methods? Are you clearly conscious that the method of force means to its victims a life oscillating between slavery and anarchy, while the method of explanation fosters irreverence and conceit, and is practically an appeal to the ignorant and inexperienced child to sit in judgment upon the actions of his parents?

According to Rousseau, the method of appeal to childish reason was the one upheld by Locke. It may be questioned whether in this matter he did justice to the English reformer, but his strictures upon the method itself are admirable. "Mr. Locke's maxim," he writes, "was to educate children by reasoning with them, and it is that which

is now most in vogue. The success of it, however, doth not appear to recommend it, and, for my own part, I meet with no children so silly and ridiculous as those with whom much argument hath been held. Of all the faculties of man, that of reason, which is, in fact, only a compound of all the rest, unfolds itself the latest, and with the greatest difficulty; and yet this is what we would make use of to develop the first and easiest of them. The great end of a good education is to form a reasonable man, and we pretend to educate a child by the means of reason! This is beginning where we should leave off, and making an implement of the work we are about."

The antithesis to government by argument and explanation is government by force, and, as I have said, parents who avoid the former error are often betrayed into the latter. In like manner Rousseau, reacting against Locke, announces as the first principle of control that the child "be made sensible that he is weak and you are strong, and that from your situation and his he lies necessarily at your mercy. Let him know this fact, and early feel on his aspiring crest the hard yoke Nature hath imposed on man. By this method you will render his

disposition patient, equable, resigned, and peaceable."

From the ninety degraded children whom he mothered at Stanz the gentle Pestalozzi learned that not in force and not in appeals to reason, but in quickening faith must be sought the point of contact between the nurturing and the nurtured life. His experience is a classic one in the history of educational reform, and from its theoretical outcome, as given in his most important book, *How Gertrude Teaches her Children*, I have often thought Froebel may have received the impulse which flowered into the Mother-Play. But be this as it may, the Falling Game condenses into one revealing example the whole range of experience described by Pestalozzi, and defining to the mother her own elemental impulse enables her to discover consciously the true point of departure for the nurture of childhood.

Faith presupposes experience. Baby is frightened when he begins to play the Falling Game; he learns to trust the mother's arm because he finds it strong. In like manner he must learn to trust her wisdom and her love. He can not believe in them if they do not exist; he can only half believe them

if they are inconsistent and vacillating. Hence Froebel's insistence upon the need of a mother's being all she would have her children believe her to be, and the solemn warnings which he introduces into his commentaries on Beckoning the Pigeons, and the Knights and the Bad Child. We fail to inspire faith because we fail to deserve it, and a regenerate motherhood is the one indispensable condition of a regenerate childhood.

If you can win and hold Harold's faith, you will find that you have practically solved the problem of nurture. For if he trusts you he will obey you; he will hide nothing from you; he will not resent your punishments, and when he asks you questions whose true answers are beyond his comprehension he will humbly accept your simple statement that they can not be explained to him until he is older. The conversation between mother and child in Froebel's commentary on the Weathervane is conceived in this spirit, and presupposes a firmly tethered cord of faith.

While the Falling Song accentuates trust in the mother, the motto and commentary expressly state that the object of the game is the nurture and development of force. Is there then a contradiction be-

tween the song and the commentary, and if not, what is the tie which binds together the seemingly contradictory statements? Look again into your own heart, and observe if it be not always faith which inspires the effort through which strength is won. If the answer is not conclusive, seek the verdict of that larger experience of which your own is but a fragment. Recall those heart-inspired words, "Frederick, is God dead?" with which old Sojourner Truth revived the dying courage of Fred Douglass. Remind yourself of the noblest motto which has sprung from our national system of universal suffrage: "One with God is a majority." Send your imagination backward through the centuries and call forth the image of the great defender of Christian truth defying triumphant heresy with the words "Athanasius against the world!" Remember how hordes of faithless Christians fled before Saracen armies inspired by the words of the Koran: "O true believers, if ye assist God in fighting for his religion he will assist you against your enemies." Picture Luther summoned to the Diet of Worms, warned by anxious friends to disobey the summons, declaring stoutly, "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof

ties I would on," and revealing the secret of his courage in his paraphrase of the 46th Psalm. Listen to the Huguenots singing as they march into battle, "The truth of the Lord endureth forever," and hear the same words shouted by Cromwell and his soldiers at Dunbar. Ask yourself why the ancient Israelites and the English Puritans are the most resolute and unyielding personalities known to history, and read the answer written in their every word and deed that it was because they believed themselves to be fighting with and for the eternal and unconquerable Power "which makes for righteousness." The secret of strength is always the same, and the very words of our Falling Song,

"Baby well may laugh at harm  
While beneath is mother's arm,"

are but one feeble echo of the faith which has nerved the heroes of all ages: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Froebel had insight into the "fine secret that little explains large and large little." Hence he discerned how the child out of weakness is made strong. The Falling, Jumping, Tossing Games

are baby's first acts of faith. Waxing faith nerves him to totter toward his mother's outstretched arms. Later it is again faith which inspires him to attempt the task she believes he can do, and attack the problem she believes he can solve. Trusting her trust in him he puts forth all his strength, and through faith-inspired effort wins strength and self-reliance.

It is one of the happy paradoxes of spirit that without dependence there can be no independence, and that precisely in proportion to our faith will be our intellectual and moral activity. All individual relationships and all corporate life rest upon pillars of faith. Children must trust parents, the husband must trust his wife, friend must trust friend, we must all trust the tradesman with whom we deal, the corporations and officials upon whose care depends our safety in travel, the physician to whose integrity, skill, and devotion we appeal in illness, the lawyer to whom we submit vexed questions of justice; the economic system upon which depends the fair participation of each man in the labor of all men; the government which orders and protects other institutions; the church, which discerns, declares, and develops in individual consciousness the ideals which have created our special

type of family life, our forms of civil society, and our republican state.

You need only recall our studies of Dante to revive your realizing sense of the truth that faith is the beating heart of the body corporate. What a revelation it was to us when we understood why the circles of fraud were placed lower in the Inferno than the circles of violence! Were robbery, tyranny, murder, suicide really less heinous offences than flattery, hypocrisy, thieving, simony, and political prostitution? Was fraud so hateful to God because it "dissevers the bond of love which Nature makes," and striking at combination breaks the tie that unites the world? Was treachery the blackest of sins because it not only loosed the tie of universal brotherhood, but sundered the closer and more spiritual cords woven by free choices of the will? Was all sin in essence the attack of will upon will, and was violence a sin of less degree than fraud because its attack was merely external? Was fraud the slaughter of will by will, the murder of spirit by spirit? Conversely, if faith were the living cord which bound all individuals into one great humanity, and made possible the hierarchy of human institutions, was not the nurture of faith the beginning

of all true education, and was it not the prime duty of the educator to win faith by deserving it?

You will remember how with whole hearts we learned to affirm these truths as we studied the great poet who has painted every deed of man in the perspective of its consequences, but I think you will agree with me that we did not in those old days fully realize that faith in fellowmen is as necessary to our intellectual as it is to our ethical life. How very few of the myriad objects in the world does any one individual have the opportunity to perceive! How misleading must be his perceptions even of these numerically insignificant objects unless by comparing his own results with those of others he learns to subtract the errors and exaggerations he has unwittingly contributed. A child's unguided examination of the simplest object will almost invariably center about non-essential qualities, and leading him to search for essential qualities simply means that you are helping him to correct his own perceptions, by the perceptions and reflections of others. We depend upon reports of our fellowmen for by far the greater part of our knowledge of sensible objects, and it is also through our fellows that we learn to perceive aright even

the few with which we come into immediate contact. Unless we believed their reports we should not try to verify them. So rising to higher planes of mental activity it is because we believe that men are able to draw from experience valid inferences, and to discover beneath experience valid presuppositions, that we exert our powers of understanding and strive to recreate their insights. In their light we see light, and through seeing our intellectual eye grows strong. Evidently, therefore, faith is both the condition of mental enlargement and the source of mental activity.\*

The dialectic of faith forces us to higher planes of thought, and I want you now to consider that the active pursuit of knowledge has a root deeper even than trust in fellowmen. Have you ever wondered why Asia has no science? or connected this defect with the fact that to the Oriental mind Nature is Maia or illusion—a phenomenon without a noumenon, a manifestation without any essence which it manifests? The apparent universe is only an evil dream. Why, then, give oneself the trouble to learn anything about it. Rather let the

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\* Psychologic Foundations of Education, by W. T. Harris, Int. Edu. Series, pp. 74, 75.

devout mind waken from its nightmare and learn the restful truths that Brahma is nothingness and Nirvana extinction.

We owe to Professor Huxley a candid admission of the fact that all science presupposes belief in the reality and intelligibility of Nature. In his view, "the one act of faith in the convert to science is confession of the universality of order, and the absolute validity in all times and under all circumstances of the law of causation." Differently stated, we search for law and order in Nature because we believe they will be found there, and to believe that law and order exist in Nature is implicitly to affirm that Nature is the product of an ordering intelligence. Sir John Herschel once said, "It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness or will existing somewhere." His remark applies not only to all forces, but to all laws which are really only the forms under which forces act, and unless we are ready to admit that science is merely a "lucid madness occupied in tabulating its own necessary hallucinations," we must recognize in the outer world the expression of an outer mind. All poetry, art, and philosophy imply the

same truth, and it was because Greece attained first to the faith and later to the insight that there is a personal core to the universe, that she became the fountain head of these highest forms of spiritual activity.

I have said nothing about faith as the prompting motive of religion, both because in this sphere its paramount importance is generally admitted, and because I believe that by recognizing its power in other domains of life we shall the more readily understand why without faith it is impossible to please God. Is there a keener stab than distrust, and if we who merit only partial faith are so hurt by doubt what must He feel who alone is worthy of absolute confidence? God has been called "the great Misunderstood," and we begin to comprehend His eternal cross and passion when we reflect that every doubt is a mortal thrust at the heart of love.

I said in the beginning of this letter that faith presupposes experience. I must now add that it is a generous venture of the soul beyond experience. It is the divination of a secret of which all experience is but a partial disclosure. It is the active instinct of sonship and brotherhood. It is heart insight, an impulsive leap of the individual toward

the universal spirit, and by its very nature it points toward the perfect communion of man with man and of humanity with God. It is the afferent and efferent nerve of the soul—the electric line over which spiritual life is both communicated and discharged. Waxing faith means a heightened receptivity to inflowing divinity—waning faith means the rupture of the individual from his own abysmal self, and hence the shrinkage of his powers and the shriveling of his life.

Do you see whither my letter is tending? If faith is the miracle by which the soul invades the realm of miracles, if it is the core of love and friendship, if it incites activity, develops force, and creates heroes, if it originates and sustains institutions and is the antecedent condition of literature, science, art, and religion, if, finally, it seeks and justifies its own presuppositions in philosophy, then may it not be because the little child possesses in larger measure than the man that ardor of trust which overleaps the strict bounds of evidence that we are enjoined to learn from him how to enter the kingdom of heaven, and conversely, must not the terminus *ab quo* of child nurture be sought in that primordial impulse of motherhood which seeks

to awaken faith? It seems to me Pestalozzi and Froebel have given no higher proof of their wisdom than in their recognition of this impulse as the point of departure for education, and if you will bear with a very long letter I should like to give you Pestalozzi's insight in his own touching words:

“I am unwilling to bring these letters to an end without touching on what I may call the keystone of my whole system. Is the love of God encouraged by these principles, which I hold to be the only sound basis for the development of humanity?

“Once again I look into my own heart for an answer to my question, and ask myself: ‘How does the idea of God take root in my soul? Whence comes it that I believe in God, that I abandon myself to Him, and feel happy when I love Him and trust Him, thank Him and obey Him?’

“Then I soon see that the sentiments of love, trust, gratitude, and obedience must first exist in my heart before I can feel them for God. I must love men, trust them, thank them, and obey them, before I can rise to loving, thanking, trusting, and obeying God. ‘For he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love his Father in heaven, whom he hath not seen?’

"I next ask myself, 'How is it that I come to love men, to trust them, to thank them, and obey them? How do these sentiments take root in my heart?' And I find that it is principally through the relations which exist between a mother and her infant child.

"The mother must care for her child, feed it, protect it, amuse it. She can not do otherwise; her strongest instincts impel her to this course. And so she provides for its needs, and in every possible way makes up for its powerlessness. Thus the child is cared for and made happy, and the first seed of love is sown within him.

"Presently the child's eyes fall on something he has never yet seen; seized with wonder and fear, he utters a cry; his mother presses him to her bosom, plays with him, diverts his attention, and his tears cease, though his eyes long remain wet. Should the unfamiliar object be seen again, the mother shelters the child in her arms, and smiles at him as before. This time, instead of crying, he answers his mother's smile by smiling himself, and the first seed of trust is sown.

"His mother runs to his cradle at his least sign; if he is hungry, she is there; if thirsty, she satisfies

him; when he hears her step, he is content; when he sees her, he stretches out his hand and fastens his eyes upon her bosom; to him his mother and the satisfaction of his hunger are one and the same thing; he is grateful.

“These germs of love, trust, and gratitude soon develop. The child knows his mother’s step; he smiles at her shadow; he loves whatever is like her; a creature of the same appearance as his mother is, in his eyes, a good creature. Those whom his mother loves, he loves; those whom she kisses, he kisses. This smile at the likeness of his mother is a smile at humanity, and the seed of brotherly love, the love of his fellowmen, is sown.

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“Such are the first elements of moral development awakened by a mother’s relations with her infant. They are also the elements of religious development, and it is by faith in its mother that the child rises to faith in God.”

• *Credo ut intelligam*, wrote St. Anselm, and his confession not only suggests the process by which religious truth is apprehended, but has a range of meaning coextensive with our entire spiritual activity. Again applying the fine secret that little ex-

plains large and large little, we realize that out of the child's faith in his mother must spring aspiration for companionship with her, while on her side the yearning for her baby's trust deepens into yearning for her child's comprehension. You know that you can not be content with a blind obedience even though it be a loving obedience. As the physical union between you and Harold has been transfigured into emotional union, so you demand that this unity of feeling shall deepen into unity of thought, and heart insight ripen into the insight of intellect. Your earlier effort was directed toward making your baby physically self-reliant in order that you might win the higher dependence of faith; now your effort must be directed toward making your boy intellectually and morally self-reliant in order that you may realize in him that highest dependence of comprehending sympathy which is the goal of spiritual intercourse.

That Froebel has well understood you he proves by showing you, in the concluding paragraph of his Commentary, how you may aid your boy to become master of himself. Notice with what precision he attacks the defects which must be overcome before the child can be safely committed to his own care.

The skater tumbles because he is heedless; the child falls from his sledge because his eye is not sure, his hand not strong; the boy and girl drop goblet and plate because they are overanxious. In inattention, untrained powers, and anxiety mated with weakness, lie the sources of inability to rule oneself. The tie between these several defects is obvious. Strength implies training, training implies attention, and whoso lacks strength must alternate between presumption and over-anxiety. Not only for the children, but for ourselves there is a mine of wisdom in these suggestions. Why are so many mothers and so many kindergartners wavering and inconsistent in conduct? Is it not because they are doubtful what they ought to do? Why are they thus doubtful? Because they lack insight? Why do they lack insight? Evidently because they have undertaken the most solemn and responsible duties with insufficient preparation.

One word more. Harold can not develop without trust in you, but neither can he develop as he ought unless you trust him. I do not mean that you should ignore his faults or exaggerate his merits, for this would only destroy his confidence in you. But I do mean that you should be alert to

recognize the utmost limit of his power and attainment, that you should let no cowardly fear deter you from granting him freedom to do and dare, and when you are forced to reprove and punish him you should never fail to appeal from his actual to his ideal self. "Could there be," asks Thoreau, "an accident so sad as to be respected for something better than we are?" As applied to the actual self this question admits of only one answer, but it needs the supplementary question, "Could there be a greater incentive to effort than the generous faith which expects of us to become better than we are?" This kind of trust the heavenly Father has in all his erring children; this kind of trust you must never fail to feel in your boy.

When we understand that faith is the thrill of fellowship we are ready to pass from the aim of Froebel's first play to its method, and to observe by what process the mother wakens the slumbering feeling of trust. Remember we are studying a *Falling Game*. Notice in Froebel's Commentary the twice repeated statement that the child shall fall with sufficient force to experience a slight shock. He must feel his fall and have some vague instinct that he is slipping away from his mother's

care. Out of the fear born of this sense of withdrawn protection rises his joy in the assurance that a loving power watches over his fall and makes it safe.

Life is a series of falls, and if it be regenerate life a series of rises out of falls. First come the physical tumbles which must be suffered by each child as he learns to walk, run, climb, swim. Next in order are emotional falls into anger, greediness, and other sins of childish incontinence. With youth begin the intellectual falls into doubt of inherited creeds and defiance of traditional customs. Last of all come the dangerous falls of will, consciously and deliberately denying in act the truths accepted by thought. Beneath each height of attainment yawns a deeper and blacker chasm. Upon each loftier summit man is exposed to the danger of a more fatal fall.

“The true glory of life,” writes Goldsmith, “consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.” “Jump up,” you say to Harold when he has had a tumble, and laughingly kissing the spot that hurts, you divert him from the impulse to cry. When excessive excitement has betrayed him into bad temper, you help the little victim who is not able to help himself by attracting his attention

to some object—a flower, a star, a flying bird. When your boy reaches the age of arrogant self-assertion you will, if you are wise, be patient and forbear to meet challenge with authority. “Who never doubted never half believed,” and just because man is born to be self-limiting he must break down all made limits. By interpreting to Harold in childhood the falls of weakness, incontinence, and inattention, and in youth the falls born of presumption and of doubt, you will have done what lay in your power to save him from the final and fatal fall of those who refuse obedience to acknowledged obligation. And if at last (which God forbid) there come to you that bitterest of mortal pangs—the pang of knowing that one you have borne and nurtured is deliberately false to the truth he can not deny—then in your own need recall the words with which you reassured your falling baby, and sit still in the inmost stronghold of the soul—the stronghold of confidence in that Infinite Power and Love which

“Forges through swart arms of offence  
The silver seat of innocence.”

To fall and to rise from his fall, such is in brief the history of man, and, since man must learn to

know himself, such is the ever-recurrent theme of literature. What is the one story repeated in myriad forms in those mythic tales which are the first fruits of man's literary activity? Is it not the story of a princess carried off by a dragon, imprisoned, disfigured, despairing, but rescued at last by the all-conquering hero? What is the Iliad but the fall and rise of Achilles? What is the Odyssey but the fall and rise of Ulysses? What creates the Inferno and Purgatorio but the fall of Lucifer? Who fill the pit but sinners that have made all kinds of falls? Who climb the mountain but sinners rising out of all kinds of falls? What is portrayed in the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, but the circular sweep of the deed? What is the new word of the last world-poet in his Faust? Is it not once again the fall and the rise, the deepest of all falls, that of the conscious spirit from itself, the closest of all reunions, the reunion of spirit with itself? "I know," says thought-weary Faust in bitterness of soul, "I know that nothing can be known." What, then, is left but the pact with Mephistopheles? But denial must in the end deny itself, and a pact with the denying spirit can end only in its own undoing. Hence the last world-poem must perforce repeat the

one great cycle of human experience, and urged by his genius its author has portrayed the cycle both in its earliest and its latest form. In the story of Margaret he draws with firm but tender hand the circle which sweeps from innocence, through sin and repentance, to holiness. In the career of Faust he paints with words that flame and burn the cycle of doubt, denial, aspiration, insight.

Shall we try to understand why men forever repeat the fact and the story of fall and rise? Shall we ask what power generates the spiritual curve, always sweeping away from, always returning to itself? We hold in ourselves the clew to the mystery, and we shall find hereafter that it is the clew not only to this mystery but to all mysteries. The mark of man is reason; the mark of reason is self-consciousness; the nature of self-consciousness is to be subject-object, or, in other words, the subject knowing is the object known; the eternal history of consciousness is the oscillation from subject to object, and from object back to subject. "This," says Hegel, "is the soul of the world, the universal blood," which "pulsates within itself without moving itself, and which vibrates within itself without ruffling its repose." Source of all conflicts, it is

forever at peace; author of all discords, it is the master musician by whom alone all discords are resolved.

Do you remember the description of infancy in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*?

The baby new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is prest  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that "This is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"  
And finds "I am not what I see,  
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From whence clear memory may begin,  
As thro' the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined.

I have quoted these stanzas because they portray beautifully that incipient phase of life which Froebel calls the slumber period. It is the slumber of spirit because as yet the child lacks self-consciousness. He is one with all things because he has not learned to distinguish himself from them. As all physical life begins with a germ alike in texture and in chemical composition, so spiritual life begins in an unconscious unity with self and the world. Physical growth is a process of continuous

differentiation and integration; spiritual life is a process of self-diremption and the re-integration of these self-produced differences into the unity of consciousness. In other words, the movement of spiritual life is from a unity which excludes distinctions to a unity which includes and harmonizes all distinctions. Between these extremes is the storm and stress of life when distinctions are perceived but not harmonized, and when the self whose ideal nature is to be a unity in manifoldness wages with itself perpetual war. Within the heart are colliding impulses, within the intellect colliding ideas, within the will colliding aims and motives. Prototype of heroes, this self knows no peace not won by fighting, neither may it ever lay down its arms, for each new victory is but the prelude to a more strenuous conflict. Scientists tell us of a struggle for life and a survival of the fittest. Verily Nature is but the visible spectacle of the soul, and the keen and never-ending battle of life a masquerade of the eternal conflict of spirit.

As man reveals and beholds himself in literature and art, the child reveals and beholds himself in play. Strange, therefore, would it be, if in infantile games we should not find the short and

feeble oscillations of that pendulum of consciousness which sweeps at last beyond the infinite reaches of space and time. If our insight be a true one, children should play the fall and rise, the estrangement and return, nor should mother love fail to outrun the children and begin the revelation of the great human experience with the beginning of life. Conversely, if mothers and children fulfill this anticipation we should accept the fact as a fresh confirmation of our thesis. Therefore once again search your own experience, and see if the Falling Game be not the first of a series of plays which sweep through infinitesimal circles of separation and reunion.\* Remember how the baby loves to hide

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\* The following note from Miss Blanche Boardman suggests that in the thought underlying the Falling Game, we may find the explanation of a curious tendency often observed in children to inflict pain on some especially loved person or object :

" Of all the many children in little Mary S.'s family ' Annie Rooney,' a most dilapidated specimen of rag doll, is the most beloved.

" The others, more respectable and dainty, are enjoyed as *dolls*, but upon Annie the little three-year-old mother pours out a wealth of love.

" However, after a few moments of fondling and protestations of ' mother's love,' the doll is often thrown violently on the floor, and apparently only to furnish an opportunity for renewed expressions and more earnest devotion on the child's part, as she takes the fallen baby in her arms again.

and to hear his mother wonder over and lament his absence, how, when somewhat older, he delights in the Cuckoo Game, which through the voice unites the hiding child with the seeking mother, and how

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"A family friend who is much interested in 'child-study' has repeatedly watched this play and questioned its meaning.

"For a student of the Mother-Play has it not a connection with the instinctive play of the mother, which gave rise to the Falling Game?"

I know a little boy, between two and three years of age, who treats his favorite doll precisely as Annie Rooney was treated by her child-mother. When I myself was a little girl, I used to enjoy keenly plays in which a younger child, to whom I was greatly attracted, was subjected to all kinds of ill treatment, and in which my *rôle* was that of deliverer and comforter. Even then I wondered why these plays gave me pleasure, but not until long afterward did I understand that I was enjoying both my own quickened sense of sympathy and protection and the faith with which the little sufferer turned to me as her deliverer. As I grew older I ceased inflicting pain or permitting its infliction for the sake of the pleasure felt in relieving it, but I was continually imagining those I loved as attacked by all kinds of dangers and sorrows, and myself as saving them from the former and comforting them in the latter. I refer to these experiences because they illustrate one of the many perversions of an impulse which in its normal exercise is essential to our life as social beings. Do they not also in a measure explain why healthy happy children love to read, and sometimes to write, those morbid stories in which the youthful hero or heroine is conducted through illness, orphanage, and cruel treatment to final joy? When we have learned to make a wise appeal to the feelings which such stories arouse, we shall have done much to solve the problem of good literature for children.

countless are the traditional games from whose recurrent theme of a beleaguered castle and a stolen bride Froebel caught the idea which he transfigured in *The Knights and The Mother*. Remember how anxiously Harold grasped his ear when you tugged at it and then professed to show it to him between your fingers; how his eye followed the ball which you playfully jerked by its string from his hand; how eagerly he hunted for a hidden button; how tirelessly he took apart and put together the blocks you had shown him how to build into a cube. Then ponder your memories, and you will soon begin to realize that these infantile games are cast in the one mold of all spiritual activity. What, indeed, is self-consciousness but the play of the spirit with itself—the deliberate scattering of the wealth of thought for the purpose of rewinning it—the voluntary self-exile through which the soul makes itself everywhere at home.

Speech, says George Eliot, is but broken light upon the depths of the unspoken. My aim in this letter has been to quicken in your mind a thought which must be created anew by each new thinker. We can not paint physical motion either with pigments or with words, much less dare we hope to

paint the ceaseless motion of spirit. You must feel it, will it, know it in yourself. Then, and not till then, can you really understand why both the drama of history and the drama of infancy begin with the fall.

### Strampelbein.

„Wenn Kindchen zur Lust Arm' und Beine bewegt,  
In der Mutter die Spiellust mit  
dem Kinde sich regt.  
Vom Schöpfer ist ihr dies zur  
Weisung gegeben :  
Schon früh im Kinde  
Gewandt, gelinde  
Durch Äußeres zu pflegen sein  
inneres Leben ;  
Durch Schere und Spiele und  
sinniges Necken  
Gefüle, Empfindung und Ahnen  
zu weden.“



## LETTER II.

### SELF-MAKING.

#### PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.

##### MOTTO.

Watch a mother's answering play,  
When her happy baby kicks !  
She will brace her hands to please him,  
Or in loving sort she'll tease him  
With her playful tricks.

This is not mere fond caprice—  
God inspires the pretty strife ;  
She is leading a beginner  
Through the outer to the inner  
Of his groping life.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

##### SONG.

Up and down, and in and out,  
Toss the little limbs about ;  
Kick the pretty dimpled feet—  
That's the way to grow, my sweet !  
This way and that,  
With a pat-a-pat-pat,  
With one, two, three,  
For each little knee.

By-and-by, in work and play,  
They'll be busy all the day ;  
Wading in the water clear,  
Running swift for mother dear.

So this way and that,  
With a pat-a-pat-pat,  
And one, two, three,  
For each little knee.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DEAR ——: Have you ever wondered at the helplessness of babies as contrasted with the precocious independence of young animals? Have you ever asked why baby chickens can see, hear, run, scratch, scrape, and peck, and why, on the contrary, the human infant is born practically blind and deaf, is unable to balance his own head, and can neither grasp, hold, walk, stand, creep, nor sit? Knowing you, I am sure you have not only asked these questions, but have read carefully the answers given to them by Mr. Fiske in his many and lucid explanations of the meaning of infancy. You have learned from him the connection between the helplessness of babyhood and man's capacity for progress. You know that the mental life of animals is restricted to a few simple acts which, being repeated throughout the careers of individuals and of species, come to be performed easily and unconsciously. You understand that because animals do very few things and do them often the nervous connections necessary for their performance are perfected and trans-

mitted, and that consequently throughout the animal world heredity is dominant and education impossible. Finally, you know that the intellectual chasm which separates the lowest man from the highest animal is marked physically by increase of cerebral surface and by prolongation of the period of infancy, or, in other words, that increasing intelligence, increasing brain surface, and a lengthening infancy always go hand in hand. The reciprocal relation of these facts is obvious. With increase of cerebral surface comes increase in the amount of cerebral organization to be completed after birth, and hence an extension of the period of infancy. The extension of infancy in turn brings about increased versatility and plasticity, and produces a further enlargement of the cerebral area. Hence the lengthened and still lengthening period of human adolescence is the guaranty of a boundless capacity for progress.

Another and not less important outcome of a long and feeble infancy is the birth of the moral sentiments. The helplessness of childhood calls forth in father and mother protective and self-denying impulses, while conversely the love and care of parents wakens in the heart of the child

responsive feelings of dependence and affection. Out of the rudimentary sympathies of infancy are developed later the sense of obligation and the idea of duty. The significance of this genetic evolution becomes apparent when we reflect that the ascent of humanity from the savage to the civilized state is marked on the one hand by increasing complexity of social organization, and on the other by a progressive extension of the sense of moral obligation until it finally includes the whole brotherhood of man.

The accounts of children who have become imbruted by growing up among animals and apart from human beings illustrate the fact that the isolated individual does not become man. These children are said to have possessed great acuteness of sense, and to have shown cunning, skill, and endurance in their search for food, but they ran on all fours, and were entirely without speech. One bleated like a sheep; another had a voice like a bear's; a third acted in all respects like a beast of prey. In all of them the brain was not only undeveloped, but had so far lost its plasticity as to make any high grade of development impossible. The narratives of such forest and mountain children

help us to realize that the infant achieves humanity through his recoil against and assimilation of his spiritual environment.

Pondering the facts to which I have briefly referred, we begin to understand what deep meaning lurks in the contrast between the young animal and the young child. It means that the former is a *made* being, the latter a self-making being. It means that the animal is an isolated being, the child a social being. It means that the animal is imprisoned in hereditary tendencies and aptitudes, and that his whole life consists of reflex and instinctive actions monotonously repeated. It means that the infant is plastic and versatile, and hence that he is not the prisoner of the past, but the prophet of the future. It means that man is a teachable and improvable being, that evolution is apotheosized into education, that each individual must learn from all other individuals, and must in turn contribute his quota to the common store of human experience. Finally, it means that while the brute is irresponsible and mortal, man is responsible and immortal, for all perishable beings perish through defect, and the characteristic quality of humanity is pre-

cisely the ability to overcome defect. Hence the helplessness of the infant is the pledge of his dignity and the promise of his unlimited development.\*

Now for the relationship of these facts to nursery education. Since man is a social being he demands from the beginning of life the nurture of his sympathies. Since he is a self-making being he demands from the beginning of life the discipline of his energies.

In our study of the Falling Song we traced the genesis of faith, which is one of the primitive expressions of sympathy. In the Play with the Limbs, which is to be the subject of this letter, we shall find a disclosure of the process by which energy is incited and disciplined. The former play suggests the general type of all efforts to nurture sympathy, the latter, the general type of all efforts to foster activity. These two games are, therefore, prototypes of all the Mother-Plays whose general aim is to set in balanced motion the centripetal and

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\* Readers interested in the Meaning of Infancy are referred for fuller statement to Professor John Fiske's books, *Cosmic Philosophy*, *The Destiny of Man*, and the *Excursions of an Evolutionist*, to Mr. Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, and to the *Meaning of Education*, by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler.

centrifugal forces of the soul, and thus to determine its circular orbit.

Scene second in the drama of infancy shows us the baby striking out vigorously with arms and legs, while in response to the indicated need the mother offers her opposing hands as an incentive to effort and a guide to force. The clew to the game is given clearly in Froebel's Commentary, wherein he explains that nothing gives the mother such joy as her child's overflowing life, and that her deepest longing is to nurture life. This statement puzzled me for many years because I was not able to decide just what meaning Froebel attached to the word life. Gradually, however, as I studied his different books I became aware of a number of verbal triads through which he seemed to be struggling to express kindred thoughts. Among them were life, love, light; act, feeling, thought; presentiment, perception, recognition; identity, contrast, mediation of contrast; child of Nature, child of man, child of God; whole, member, member-whole; universality, particularity, singularity; unity, manifoldness, individuality. Collecting and comparing these several triads I began to understand them and to recognize that their common key was that in-

sight into the nature of reason or self-consciousness which I tried to explain to you in my last letter. The self is an "identity pervading its own distinctions." The true self in each man is identical with the true self in all other men, and this universal self is the divine self, "the Christ in man which is the hope of glory." The divine self, however, is transcendent as well as immanent, or, to borrow the apostolic statement, the God who is in all and through all is also *over* all. Spiritual development is increasing participation in His eternal thought and will. Spiritual death is separation from Him. Activity is the initial manifestation of the indwelling divinity, just as faith is the initial form of union between the immanent and the transcendent selfhood.

In the light of this truth the first term of each triad becomes transparent. Life is the unconscious totality of being; activity its germinal manifestation; presentiment the witness of its presence; identity the statement of its undifferentiated simplicity; unity the disclosure of its oneness with the all; wholeness or universality the definition of its ideal nature; child of Nature the expression of its limitation and its affiliation with those lower orders

of being wherein the universal reason sleeps and dreams. With these solutions of the first term of each triad you can easily unfold the other terms yourself, and I will only ask you now to keep clearly in mind the thought of life as that energetic wholeness and fullness of being which never during the term of our mortal existence rises into complete consciousness. We are more than we know, and we know more than we do. "The soul is essentially active; the activity of which we are conscious is but a part of our total activity, and voluntary activity is but a part of our conscious activity." Our conscious and voluntary lives are therefore merely island peaks rising out of the depths of an unconscious ocean of being. Life is deeper, richer, fuller than conscious thought and will—it is the infinite obscure which eternity must illuminate.

According to Emerson, the Chinese sage Mencius perceived that man's chief duty was "to nourish well his vast flowing vigor." "I beg to ask what you call vast flowing vigor?" said his companion. "The explanation," replied Mencius, "is difficult. This vigor is supremely great and in the highest degree unbending. Nourish it correctly

and do it no injury, and it will fill up the vacancy between heaven and earth." \*

The greatest achievement of science has been the reduction of Nature to a torrent of force. In the inorganic world this force appears variously as light, heat, magnetism, and electricity. In the organic world it manifests itself as life. Philosophy resolves this torrent of force into a torrent of will. Energy of life means that the individual soul is flooded with this mysterious torrent, fed with abundant supplies from the inexhaustible fountain of originality and power. Love is energy of life in the form of feeling; genius is energy of life in the form of intellect; heroism is energy of life in the form of will. No wonder, therefore, that each mother's heart throbs with joy as she beholds in her infant that ceaseless movement which is the primal revelation of an unconscious fullness of life; no wonder that her deepest impulse is to nourish well this "vast flowing vigor." "In the beginning is the act." From the act proceed feeling and thought. To the act they return and with deeds fired by feeling and illuminated by thought the circle of development becomes complete.

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\* Emerson's Essays, second series, p. 75.

Strangely enough, while the nurture of life is a deep maternal impulse, the average mother is too often faithless to its promptings, and many of the worst mistakes in nursery education can only be avoided by lifting into consciousness the ideal latent in instinct and revealed by Froebel in his Play with the Limbs. The child is restless and fretful because he is idle. Instantly the mother or nurse begins to divert and amuse him. She tells a story, sings a song, acts a pantomime, builds a block house, sets in orderly procession the animals belonging to a Noah's ark. / Instead of leading the child to do, she does for him, and thus fosters idleness, exactingness, and the craving for passive amusement. Since all passive pleasures create a keener appetite, and since they themselves can only sate and cloy but never satisfy, it is evident that in making the child dependent upon them the mother is sowing seeds of misery for him and for herself. / Universal laws can never be broken with impunity, and the universal and inexorable law of habit is that all sensations pall with repetition, while all activities augment their joy.

There are two forms of sloth. One is the inertia of a phlegmatic nature; the other is the instabil-

ity of a frivolous nature. The outcome of the former is that sullenness of character which repels affection; the outcome of the latter is that selfish exactingness which wears out affection. Dante has branded both types of sluggishness in his Inferno, showing us on the one hand the sullen souls immersed in mire, and on the other the caitiff train of the pleasure seekers chasing forever the whirling banner of change, goaded forever by the hornets and gadflies of capricious impulse and petty vexation.

In the beginning of life inertia and frivolity are mere tendencies with which it is comparatively easy to cope. They are enemies whom the soul may meet and vanquish in an open field. Grant them time and they intrench themselves in the stronghold of habit, and make the soul their captive. I do not say that for this captive there is no escape. I say only that by failure to incite the child to battle the mother exposes him to a weary siege, and since his power diminishes as his chains are forged, her feeble indulgence must indefinitely increase the stress of his conflict and postpone in exact proportion the hour of victory.

As I write I hear your protest. It is easy to

say what ought to be done, but can I or any other theorist realize how many stumbling stones are strewn along the path of all general principles? I think I can. I know that the science of education is one thing, and the art of education another. I know how different is the insight which merely recognizes a general truth from the prompt and unperplexed tact which solves problems in the concrete. I simply claim that to know what we must do, helps us to find out how to do it.

“Consider,” says Froebel, “either the seed or the egg; watch the development alike of feeling and of thought. Out of the indefinite the definite is born.” Foster the child’s activity, and it will rise to productive energy; exercise productive energy, and it will blossom into original creation. Let the nurture of sympathy go hand-in-hand with the incitement to activity, and from the union of the two will spring humility and helpfulness. Divorce sympathy from activity and it collapses into that inordinate craving for approbation which has been defined as the “love of love by sin defiled.” Divorce activity from sympathy and it will give rise to the lust of power. Refuse nurture to both these elementary impulses, and from the union of their

opposites, sloth and selfishness, will spring in the first generation, self-indulgence and presumption; in the second, parasitism and cowardice; in the third, fatalism; and in the fourth, the family line of these ancestral ills will end with defiance and despair.

Do I seem to be exaggerating the dangers of sloth? Is it not true that "Idleness standing in the midst of unattempted tasks is always proud," and that he who has done nothing is most ready to believe in his own ability to do everything? Is it not true that when with untried strength he is forced to confront the tasks of life he either falls into the ranks of those who through cowardice "make great refusals," or by reckless scheming involves himself in practical ruin? Is it not true that he who can not lean upon himself must lean upon others, and that he who is himself will-less must fall into the worship of blind chance or inexorable fate? What, indeed, are chance and fate but the projection of his own wayward caprice, and his own blind and hence unregulated passions?

Man is only what he makes himself to be. Man can make himself only that which ideally he is. Through activity he creates himself. In activity he

reveals himself. Recognizing these truths you will begin to question yourself anxiously as to the methods by which energy may be incited, guided, restrained, and developed. With this problem in mind turn to the picture which illustrates Froebel's Play with the Limbs. Against the baby's kicking feet the mother presses her hands. The stream has been dammed that its force may turn the mill wheel. Below the dam a little boy has set his toy mill in the stream. His thoughtful brother watches the turning toy, trying to understand how and why the water keeps it going so merrily. The general thought of the picture is that, lacking constraint, force diffuses and wastes itself. To be effective it must be pent up. The old myth makes Hercules begin his career by strangling in his cradle the serpents that attack his life. We must create a tension in order to guide the force of the child in definite directions, and by inciting him to resistance fortify in him the love of exertion, and waken in him the sense of power. Applied to the force of will this insight explains the significance of inhibition as the method of specific choice and action. We do one thing by virtue of not doing other things. We give vent to one impulse by inhibiting

a number of other impulses; we concentrate attention upon one object by repelling the seductions of other objects. To the facts that our minds are besieged by colliding sensations, and that our souls are the battleground of colliding impulses, we owe our ascent from involuntary to voluntary activity. After voluntary activity has been attained it is by freely choosing among different and opposing possibilities that will is exercised and character formed, and it is also by a series of intellectual exclusions that we rise from attention to analysis, and from analysis to still higher orders of knowing. The practical application of this insight to early education creates a procedure admirably defined by Miss Garland as the method of restricted freedom. It consists in so far limiting the range of choice as to give a specific trend to activity, and it avoids both the extreme of formalism and that yet more dangerous extreme of license which is the hideous caricature of liberty.

The evolution of energy through antagonism is a general law. But the particular form which energy will assume must be determined by individual bent and aptitude. Hence Froebel's picture

shows also the limitations of its principle. Each child in the picture is fascinated by the mysterious force of the swift-rushing stream, but each is incited to a different activity, and in this activity reveals his or her individuality.

In a letter to his cousin, Madame Schmidt, Froebel urges her to consider that "wherever healthy life buds forth, there new life only unfolds itself to meet and overcome various obstacles; nay, further, that these obstacles in a certain sense are actually necessary for strengthening and fortifying the young life." "Let us," he adds, "look closely at the buds of our trees, and see how thick and close are the coverings which lock them up, and how slowly and with what resistance these coverings are burst open before the tender little leaves appear; or let us look at the kernel, or the seed-corn, which a still stronger chain holds fettered, till the feeble germinating point can shake itself free; or, finally, let us look at the helpless infant and its birth. Obstacles," he concludes, "are not appointed by providence with the design of repelling newly uprising life, but with the purpose of strengthening it at once upon its first appearance, and

of making evident the meaning of that appearance.” \*

That children who are brought up “simply and naturally never evade but rather seek obstacles” has been noticed by Froebel in the Education of Man.

“Let it lie,” the vigorous youngster exclaims to his father, who is about to roll a piece of wood out of the boy’s way; “let it lie; I can get over it.” With difficulty, indeed, the boy gets over it the first time, but he has accomplished the feat by his own strength. Strength and courage have grown in him. He returns, gets over the obstacle a second time, and soon he learns to clear it easily. If activity brought joy to the child, work now gives delight to the boy. Hence, the daring and venturesome feats of boyhood, the exploration of caves and ravines, the climbing of trees and mountains, the searching of the heights and depths, the roaming through fields and forests.

The most difficult thing seems easy, the most daring thing seems without danger to him, for his

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\* Froebel’s Letters. Translated by E. Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, p. 60.

promptings come from his innermost heart and will." \*

I well know how hard it is to resist the fear which deters us from giving children occasion to cope with difficulties, conquer obstacles, confront reasonable perils. Yet I also know that if you wish to develop Harold's strength and manliness you must be ready to let him do and dare. Nor is it less true that if, as he grows older, you wish to develop his intellect you must avoid making the path of knowledge too smooth, broad, and easy, and if you wish to develop his moral energy you must permit him to grapple with moral problems.

The parents of a bright child are often victims to senseless exaggerations of his ability and senseless fears for his health. He is so clever he does not need to study, and so nervous and high-strung that he should not study. So when he is sent to school the teacher is enjoined not to push him, and he is kept in a class where he has nothing to do. By the time he is ten years old he has fallen in actual attainment behind the average child, has become so idle that it is impossible to make him work, and so conceited that he is an offense to all rational

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\* Education of Man. Hailmann's Translation, p. 102.

persons. His intellectual and moral debauchery is completed by home indulgence and the excuses woven by maternal vanity. As less and less is exacted of him he naturally exacts more and more of others, until at last his petty tyrannies become insupportable, and the *régime* of foolish indulgence is superseded by a *régime* of futile scoldings, threats, and punishments.

I should not express myself so strongly on this point were I not sure that hundreds of children are ruined because enough is not expected of them. The keener your realization of this peril, the more earnestly will you incite *your* infant Hercules to strangle, while still in his cradle, the twin serpents of sloth and selfishness. In your efforts to incite and discipline his energies you must, however, be careful to keep a just balance between his strength and the obstacles you ask him to overcome. Will may be paralyzed as well as dissipated, and through the failures born of attempts to grapple with overwhelming difficulties the child may be made moody and cowardly. Moreover, his affections are repelled from the mother or teacher who asks of him what even with his best effort he can not do, while conversely the impetuous currents of his love flow

freely toward all those who procure for him that elation of spirit which is the fine flower of successful achievement. Finally, it is from many small successes that he wins courage and modesty. Becoming accustomed to strife and victory, he learns just what he may venture to attempt, and in the end grows capable of that "reasoned rashness" which all great emergencies demand and all great successes imply.

By many persons Froebel is supposed to be the avowed champion of two very popular, very plausible, but very dangerous educational heresies, against which his whole system is a protest. One of these heresies has been called sugar-plum education, the other has been fitly baptized flower-pot education. Sugar-plum education in its moral aspect means coaxing, cajolery, and bribery; in its intellectual aspect it is the parent of that specious and misleading maxim that the chief aim of the educator is to interest the child. Like the theory which wrecks happiness by making it the aim of life, the effort to win interest results in methods which kill interest. The end of life is not happiness, but goodness; the aim of education is not to interest the child, but to incite and guide his self-

activity. Seeking goodness we win happiness; inciting self-activity we quicken interest. Please say to Helen that unless she wishes her kindergarten to be a wretched parody of Froebel's ideal she will say to herself, not "I must interest the children," but "I must get and hold their attention." The kindergartner who lashes herself into a dramatic frenzy when playing the games, and talks herself hoarse in vain attempts to interest her children in their gifts, too often remains serenely complacent in face of their phlegmatic indifference to her well-meant endeavors. Has she not done everything to interest them? They must, she thinks, be peculiarly unresponsive children; or perhaps they have been spoiled at home! If she would propose to herself the objective test, and frankly admit that unless she can hold attention *she* is a failure, she would hit upon devices appealing more to the self-activity of the pupils. Striving for attention she would win interest. For true interest can neither be seduced nor compelled; it must be incited.

These hints will help you to understand sugar-plum education. Now for the flower-pot. Flower-pot education means the effort to make the child wise and good through the influence of an arti-

ficially perfect environment. You will take your tender plant out of the common ground and away from the common air and keep it safe by setting it in a sunny window of your own room. The struggle for life may mean something for other plants, but you will improve on the divine method in rearing your choice rose. Two false assumptions are latent in your procedure: first, the assumption that character may be formed without effort; and second, the assumption that evil is only outside your child, and not at all in him.

Both flower-pot and sugar-plum education are attacks upon freedom. The former holds that the child may be molded by environment, the latter that his blind impulses may be played upon by the educator. Froebel holds that he is a free being, and therefore must be a self-making being. Hence, while sugar-plum education appeals to the activity of the educator, and flower-pot education to the activity of environment, Froebel appeals first, last, and always to the self-activity of the child.

Contemporary students of childhood claim such a monopoly of the insight into motor activity as the point of departure for a wise nurture of infancy that it sometimes seems as if they really believed

that before the rise of the new psychology no one had ever noticed how babies love to kick. The kindergartner, however, may proudly point to the Play with the Limbs in proof of the fact that Froebel at least anticipated the wisdom of our later-day prophets, and if she is courageous she may even insist that in his description of the ascending stages, through which motor activity is transfigured into creative self-revelation, the founder of the kindergarten and author of the Mother-Play has far surpassed any recent child student. Froebel's great insight is that the human being is a self-expressing being. As a baby he expresses his abounding fullness of life in incessant movement. Through movement his inner force strengthens and unfolds, and he becomes an imitative being. Making himself into dog, cat, flower, bird, father, mother, brother, sister, tradesman, soldier, preacher, he makes over these objects and persons into himself. From imitation he rises to transforming and productive activity, and strives to stamp himself upon the little world which through imitation he had stamped upon himself. Finally, he establishes within his soul the two contrasting yet complementary activities of self-revelation and investigation, and while

on the one hand he expresses his own ideals in plastic, pictorial, verbal, or musical form, he strives, on the other, to discover by ceaseless search the meaning of the world in which he finds himself. The duty of education is to utilize the ascending modes of self-activity so as to help them realize their own unconscious aim. The Mother-Play songs and the kindergarten gifts are Froebel's carefully chosen means to this end. The Play with the Limbs and the Falling Song are the terminus *ab quo* of the whole process of development because they seize upon the primordial manifestations of generic self-hood. Abounding vitality expressed in movement is the primal revelation of the God in the soul; faith is the primal outreaching of the God in the soul toward the God in the world.

One more question must be touched upon before we say good-bye to the Play with the Limbs. Why does the instinctive mother love to talk and sing to her child long before he is able to understand words or catch melodies? Why does Froebel insist that each of his little games shall be accompanied by word and song? It is only necessary to put these questions to begin to suspect their answers. It is through the frequent association of

words with objects and acts that the child comes to connect sounds with ideas, and it is through imitating these sounds that he becomes a language-using being. Hence he should hear much speaking, and the connections between words and the objects and acts for which they stand should be often and clearly pointed out. Maternal instinct has met the first of these needs, but has not adequately responded to the second. One great merit of Froebel's games is that they associate elementary sensations with the words through which they are designated, and throw into relief the connection between word and sensation by means of gesture.

In addition to its intellectual incitement the mother's prattle has a moral influence, and this is augmented when song is added to word. For through prattle and song the child learns to know his mother's voice, and this voice soothes, calms, attracts him though he understands not a word of what is said. Love for his mother's voice renders him at a later stage of development more obedient to its commands, more susceptible to its appeals. Who shall say how far maternal influence may be increased or diminished by the presence or absence of fibers of experience connecting

the conscious with the unconscious periods of life?

In Froebel's opinion song has a still deeper import, for he recognizes in music the natural language of emotion, and believes that love, the melody of the heart, is revealed in the melody of the voice. Hence in his commentary on the Kicking Song he explains that the mother's song is born of her longing to nourish her baby's feeling. He shall not only learn through her opposing hands to know her strength and his own: in some slight degree he must feel the tenderness that inspires her act. Hence in song she seeks to reveal herself as love, just as through pressure she reveals herself as power. Since the presentiments of infancy help to determine the thought of maturity, and since in the relationship of the child to its mother is foreshadowed the relationship of the soul to God, I think you can not too seriously consider the suggestion that you should never oppose your boy without revealing love as the motive of your opposition. Love shining through your prohibitions and penalties will help him to believe in the love which hides under all the contradictions of life. The rebellious Titan chained to the rock and

gnawed by the vulture, images the inevitable outcome of finite struggle against omnipotence conceived as divorced from love. Job, bereft of property, health, friends, family, declaring in his ashes and desolation, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," is the immortal type of strength developed through trial when trial is recognized as coming from God. To conquer an unshaking faith in love as the moving principle of the universe is to win the victory of life.

From movement to the life force back of movement; from single force to the complex of forces; from the complex of forces to the educational import of restrictions and obstacles; from the meaning of obstacles to the love which provides them—such has been the path over which this letter has traveled. I hope that from the point we have now reached you clearly perceive that the general aim of a wise nurture is to help the child wear deep channels and rear confining banks for the impetuous currents of life. Diffused force is wasted force, and mere instinctive activity must be transformed into conscious voluntary and specific deeds.

You will best follow the evolution of Froebel's ideal by constantly recurring to the definition of

life as unconscious participation in universal energy, and to the definition of infant education as the nurture of this hidden yet impetuous force. These insights will teach you what Froebel means by following the child. They will explain the crownless tree in the Grass Mowing picture, and declare to you why it was that blighted by the destruction of its life impulse it could yield neither flowers nor fruit. They will help you to understand why so many children hide their real selves from their parents, and in lieu of frank and tender companionship give back to them parrot repetitions of their own maxims and monkey imitations of their mannerisms. They will teach you why many shallow persons remain throughout life mere dotards of custom or blind slaves of fashion, and do not even give a sign that somewhere behind this mask there is at least an infinitesimal selfhood. Perhaps they may awaken you to a realization of the sad fact that the originality of sensitive and conscientious children is often sapped and their integrity threatened by the effort to be all they are taught they ought to be, and last but not least, they will make it impossible for you to withhold your pity from souls who have sought in lawlessness the freedom they should have found

in wisely directed energies. Then upon you as upon me will grow the conviction that Froebel never spoke wiser word than when he declared that the aim of true motherhood is the “nurture of life,” and that the one unpardonable sin is to quench the mysterious energy in which lies hidden all we are and all we hope to become.

We shall not study Froebel’s book in Froebel’s spirit unless before dismissing the Play with the Limbs we seek to win from it help for ourselves as well as for the children. I shall, therefore, bring this letter to a close by suggesting a few of the thoughts which have stirred my mind while I have been writing it.

Since man is only that which he makes himself to be, the vainest of all vain glorying is glory in what he calls his potentialities. The potential is that which is *not*. There are no deedless Alexanders. There are no inarticulate Shakespeares. Deeds made the one, dramas created the other. *Ideally* each man is all men, *actually* each man is what he achieves, and the *history* of a man, so says Goethe, is his character.

Neither is it sufficient to *have* achieved. Man may never lay back upon his oars. The happy

warrior goes from "well to better," and is "daily self-surpassed." Each attained degree of consciousness must spur us to invade new realms of the unconscious. Each attained degree of character is kept only by being outgrown. Sulking in his tent, Achilles is no hero; dallying in Calypso's Isle, Odysseus ceases to be the man of wisdom.

But weak as is the man who glories in his possibilities, he who casts the blame of his defeat upon circumstances is weaker still. There are no circumstances over which man may not triumph by conquest or by that endurance which is "all the passion of great souls." "I count life," says Browning, "just a stuff to try the soul's strength on." "God," writes the devout Thomas à Kempis, "grants us occasions of contest in order to bless us with opportunities of victory." Increase in the number and strength of the obstacles which beset the soul, is the pledge of ascent to a higher class in the great school of life. "Then welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough"; welcome the frost that stings, the flame that consumes, the rack of pain, the flood of sorrow, the two-edged sword of spiritual conflict, the tragic mystery which concentrates life by limiting its term—the

whole blessed world-order which clashing with man's ignorant self-will makes possible his ascent into the heavenly realm of freedom.

Yet even sloth, and selfishness, and cowardice can not destroy the nature of the soul, and for the free spirit it is never too late. Vainly does materialism teach the extinction of the will. For will as for thought and love there is no extinction. They partake of the eternal. We owe much to the doctrine of hell for keeping before us its solemn assertion of this pregnant truth. Man can not be punished unless he is responsible, neither can he be responsible unless he is free, and therefore capable of amendment. Should he lose his freedom even through his own sin, he could no longer be punished for sinning. Implicit in the doctrine of hell is the insight which triumphs over hell. It was a daring saying of Novalis that "God wills gods." His will must prevail. Therefore neither should any individual despair for himself, nor parents suffer heartbreak over their erring children, nor teachers lose hope of the most recalcitrant pupil.

"For I have seen all winter long the thorn  
First show itself intractable and fierce,  
And after bear the rose upon its top."

## LETTER III.

### FROM WIND TO SPIRIT.

Watch as your baby grows, and you will see  
That his whole life, wherever he may be,  
Is a perpetual mimicry.

An engine now, he puffs with all his might;  
Anon, with brows perplexed, he feigns to write—  
Or strides his chair, a mounted knight.

Brimming with life, but knowing not as yet  
Even the letters of his alphabet,  
He imitates each pattern set.

And watching him, perchance you question why  
Each new activity that meets his eye  
Excites him his own skill to try.

His is an instinct ignorantly wise !  
*Only in doing* can he realize  
The thing that's done beneath his eyes.

A stranger 'midst the surging life of men,  
He to his own life-stature shall attain  
By taking—to give back again.

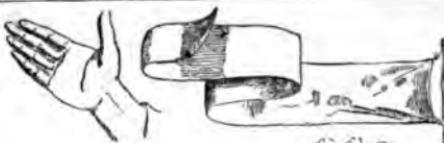
HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

### THE WEATHERVANE.

This way, that way,  
Turns the weather-vane ;  
This way, that way,  
Turns and turns again.

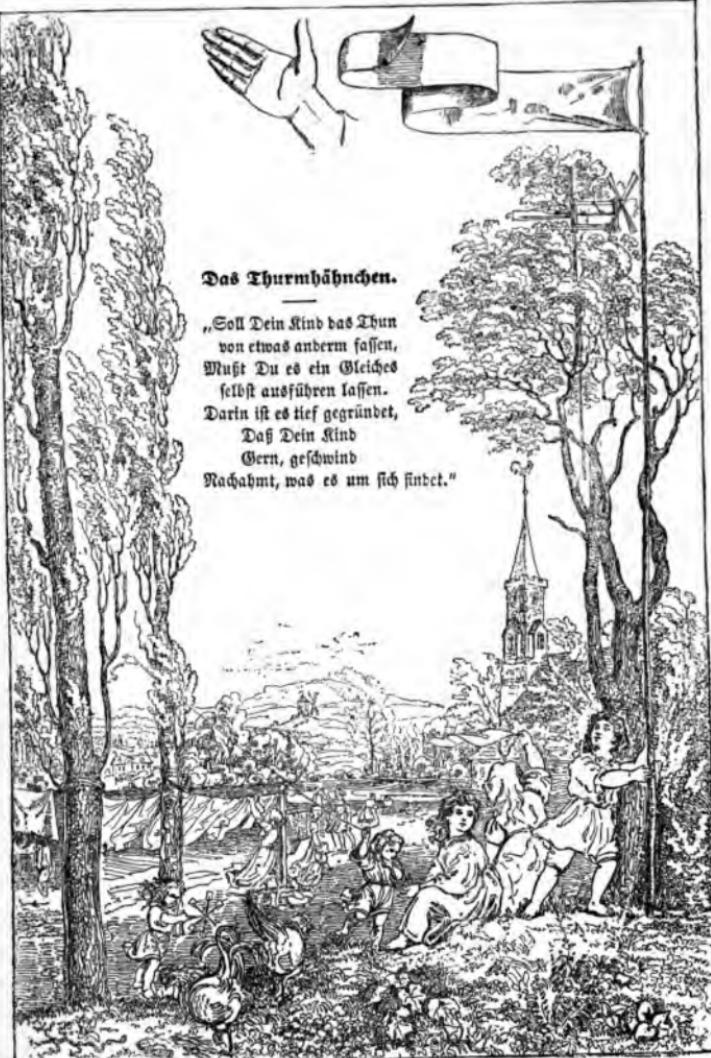
Turning, pointing, ever showing,  
How the merry wind is blowing.

EMILIE POULSSON.



### Das Thurmhähnchen.

„Soll Dein Kind das Thun  
von etwas anderm fassen,  
Mußt Du es ein Gleches  
selbst ausführen lassen.  
Darin ist es tief gegründet,  
Das Dein Kind  
Gern, geschwind  
Nachahmt, was es um sich findet.“



DEAR ——: The session of our mothers' class yesterday was an unusually animated one. At the previous meeting I had asked the mothers to notice their children carefully and to report all the imitative actions which might occur during the week. The response was general and the results of observation very interesting. A baby fifteen weeks old had tried to purse his lips when his mother went through with this movement close in front of him. A boy of seven months had successfully imitated movements of the head. Several babies aged ten months had noticed and repeated the act of beckoning with the forefinger. A little girl of nine months had given her doll a bath, had kissed it as she herself was kissed, and had tried to sing it to sleep. A fifteen-months-old boy had gone through with the movements of shaving his chin. Another of the same age had pretended to read aloud, moving his finger along the lines of a book and modulating his voice. A little girl of twenty months had seen some flying pigeons, and had quickly and repeatedly opened and shut her fingers in imitation of their movement. A boy three years and a half old had happened to see a butcher kill some pigs, and in a spirit of imitation had arranged pieces of wood

and prepared to do the same. A somewhat older child had fastened feathers from an old duster to his little coat and hopped about the yard, scratching the ground as he had seen chickens do. A little girl had given herself a bad hurt by spreading her arms for wings and trying to fly from a high porch. Had this effort succeeded she intended her next flight to be from the roof of this same porch, which she could easily reach by climbing through her nursery window. This child, if I remember aright, was about six years old. Many other observations were reported, but as those already given are amply sufficient to illustrate the subject of this letter I spare you any further examples of the fact of imitation, and hasten to suggest its meaning.\*

It was amusing to watch the change which stole over the spirit of the maternal dream as the reports accumulated. The complacency and pride which were evident in the tones and expressions of the mothers who made the earlier reports contrasted

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\* Wishing my illustrations to be reliable, particularly as to the ages of children, I have borrowed freely from Professor Preyer. See *The Senses and the Will*, pp. 282-292. The imitation of the butcher is recorded by Pestalozzi of his son.

amusingly with the matter-of-fact rehearsals of those who followed them. A two-horned dilemma seemed gradually to define itself. Either each of the fifty mothers present was the possessor of a remarkable child, or imitativeness was no mark of unusual mental power. The question was brought to a climax by a spinster of scientific proclivities, whose latest hobby is the Simian intellect, and who followed up the reports of the mothers with a series of anecdotes illustrating the imitativeness of monkeys. A general and hearty laugh following her remarks showed which horn of the dilemma had been seized by the collective mind of the class.

Surrendering imitation as a mark of individual distinction we win it as the characteristic of an essential stage in the process of psychogenesis. The act of imitation proves that the infant has become conscious of his own power to originate movements, and that he voluntarily exercises this power. Hence, as Professor Preyer has pointed out, it is the first sure sign of the birth of will. Pondering this fact we begin to understand the psychologic instinct which led Froebel to follow the Kicking Game, whose motive is the solicitation of force, with the

Weathervane, which is an initial attempt to influence the activity of imitation.

Coeval with the nascent consciousness of his own causal power is the child's recognition of causal energy as the source of the movements he repeats. Mr. Howells relates that when his little daughter was puzzled by the attitudes of certain figures in the great pictures which she ambitiously attempted to copy, she took the poses herself and explained that "she then saw how they felt." This little girl had become conscious of the latent motive which incites to imitation and which is nothing else than an attempt to interpret alien activity by reproducing it. As Froebel explains: "What the child imitates he is trying to understand," and his act implies an unconscious process of introspection through which he comes to the conclusion that just as he originates his movements, so the movements he perceives are originated by causal energies analogous to his own.

If you have followed this analysis of the act of imitation you will understand the delight with which you greeted Harold's first attempt to repeat the activities of persons and things about him. In my last letter I tried to show you that man is a

self-making being and hence a free being. My chief aim in this correspondence will be to call your attention to those phenomena of child life which mark ascending degrees in the concrete realization of freedom. Imitation is interesting and important because it is one of the crises in the battle for liberty. The child who imitates has formed an ideal and energizes to realize it. This is the beginning of moral freedom. He has inferred a causal energy as the begetter of a perceptible effect. This is the beginning of intellectual freedom. All higher degrees of moral freedom will be attained by the generation of loftier ideals and through the self-discipline involved in their realization. All higher degrees of intellectual freedom will be achieved through wider applications of the idea of causality. "A cause," says Dr. Harris, "is worth a whole series of effects. The hen in the nursery tale that laid the golden eggs was a living causal process, while the eggs were mere dead results or effects." Looking back of phenomena to the energies which produce them the mind throws off the tyranny of sense.

It is important to add that while imitation reveals the first stirring of cause, the impulsion of this

idea is presupposed by all experience. Lacking the thought of cause we could not recognize something objectively existent as the source of a sense impression, and lacking such recognition we could never lift sensation into perception.\* This insight forces us to startling conclusions. For if the idea of cause is the necessary condition of experience it can of course not be furnished by experience, and those psychologists who attempt to derive it from experience are engaged in the impossible task of proving that an ancestor can be begotten of its own offspring. Again, if it be not derived from experience it must be given in the constitution of the mind, or, differently stated, its source must be the mind's own self-activity. Since, as we have already seen, the ascending degrees of thought are marked by the rise first from things to causes, and next from narrower to wider circles of causal energy, it is evident that mental progress consists in getting farther and farther away from the data of sense, and in more and more consciously directing attention to the energy of mind. Strangest of all is the fact that it is precisely by this withdrawal from sense that

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\* See Psychologic Foundations of Education, vol. xxxvi, International Education Series, p. 53.

we arrive at the underlying reality of the sensible world, or, in other words, that we learn to know the material cosmos not by an influx of things but by an efflux of the soul.

Being a lover of Browning, you may remember a passage in his Paracelsus which states this pivotal psychologic truth. I always find poetic statements of great help. They illuminate my mind, and the association of a spiritual truth with a visible image seems to give it added authority. A symbol is Nature's vote in favor of an idea. I wonder if Nature could clothe a falsehood, and if the very fact that she consents to weave for a thought its visible garment is not a proof of its substantial truth. However this may be, here is my passage from Browning:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.  
There is an inmost center in us all  
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.  
This perfect, clear perception which is truth  
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
Blinds it and makes all error; and to 'know'  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Supposed to be without."

If imitation means all that I have said it means why do we feel such a contempt for formalists and pedants? Simply because imitation is interesting as a rudimentary but unsatisfying as a vestigial form of thought and will. It is a mark of progressive development in the infant, but of arrested development in the man. Still, it is important that our impatience with the imitators should not go too far. Strong individuals, especially in youth, are often insurgents against social forms, and despisers of the stored-up heritage of wisdom. Duller natures are a kind of balance wheel in the complex machinery of life and should be duly appreciated.

Since education is a series of responses to indicated needs, how shall the mother meet the new demand imposed by the arrival of her child at the imitative stage of development? I answer: First, by protecting him so far as possible from seeing or hearing what she would not wish him to reproduce. For since each activity in its recoil contributes its quota to the shaping of character it is obvious that what the child imitates he will tend to become. Next, each mother should notice what special actions attract her child, and inspire him to most frequent repetition. In this way

she will learn something of his specific individuality. Finally, there are certain activities whose reproduction will have an educative value for all children. To indicate the most essential of these typical acts is one purpose of the Mother-Play.

Before we proceed to the study of these typical imitations a few words of caution are necessary. No imitative play should be taught the child until he is able to associate with it some definite though not necessarily adequate idea. He should not be called on to go through such games for the amusement of older people, neither should he ever be praised for playing them well. They are the serious business of infancy, and should be treated with gravity and respect. Finally, such plays must not be so numerous as to interfere with the development of independent thought, or to confuse the mind with too many suggestions. Please say to Helen in this connection that a very few additions to the games suggested by Froebel will give her all the plays she can possibly teach the children with advantage to their development, and one of the most disastrous results of the present tendency to multiply song books is that the individual kindergartner either overloads the minds of her pupils

and gives them spiritual indigestion, or that, bewildered by variety, she sacrifices essential and typical plays to those which have no educative value.

Recognizing the fact that imitation is a search for causes we are ready to begin our study of the Weathervane. Remember that the first school of the soul is the "school of astonishment," and that, as Plato long since pointed out, the beginning of knowledge is in wonder. Since wonder expresses the tension of subject and object, it is evident that experiences lose their stimulus when they lose their novelty, and we justly esteem it a mark of high intellect to be piqued by the still unintelligible commonplace. Upon thought as upon will custom presses "with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life," while conversely objects which are remote, and activities which are infrequent, stimulate mental energy, and alike for the individual and the race the path to paradise is upon the ascending rounds of "the stairway of surprise."

Dream yourself back into childhood, and try to realize the wonder with which the unaccustomed soul must confront the phenomena of wind, storm, lightning, and thunder. You will readily perceive that in presence of the latter phenomena fear

blends with amazement, and that the immediate outcome of this complex emotion will probably be superstition and its recoil skepticism. Goethe relates that in very early childhood he began to settle into a serious disbelief in the benignity of Providence, incited thereto first by the shock of the Lisbon earthquake and later by the foolish conduct of those around him, "who on the occasion of a terrible thunderstorm dragged the boy and his sister into a dark passage, where the whole household, distracted with fear, tried to conciliate the angry deity by frightful groans and prayers." \* Few persons nowadays act quite so insanely as this; still fear spreads by contagion from many a mother to many a child, and you must guard yourself from all unreasoning apprehension, and from all starts, outcries, and nervous frights if you wish Harold to be manly and courageous.

The phenomena of wind as distinct from storm inspire no fear, but pure and simple wonder. Hence they stimulate the keenest search for their cause. Himself incarnate motion, the child finds himself in presence of a world in movement. At the same time he feels the breath of the wind and

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\* Lewes, *Life of Goethe*.

hears its voices. The first explanation which occurs to him is not that the wind moves objects, but that moving objects cause wind. The only movement of which he knows anything is self-movement, or movement which he easily traces back to self-movement. He moves himself; hence the weathervane, the windmill, the trees move themselves. He can cause wind by running, or by waving a fan, or rustling a newspaper. Hence the windmill, the trees, and other moving objects may make the strong wind he feels. So reasons the child. So reason to-day the Arizona Indians.

It marks an intellectual crisis when the suspicion arises that this primitive theory is false, and that the wind is not the product, but the producer, of the varied movements perceived. Historically, this crisis may be traced in many barbaric myths. As an experience of childhood it is doubtless precipitated by intercourse with grown people. With this presentiment thought mounts, from the conception of different causal energies behind different movements, to the thought of a single causal energy behind many movements. Moreover, in ascribing many effects to a single cause the mind learns to separate as well as

connect cause and effect, and to conceive cause as an invisible power. Speculations with regard to the nature of this unseen energy next begin to occupy the mind, and by a process of unconscious analogizing the wind is invested with human or quasi-human attributes. Last of all, doubting his own solutions, the child carries the burning question to his elders, whom he besets with eager inquiries as to what the wind *is*, and what makes the wind?

If you will study carefully Froebel's commentary on the Play of the Weathervane you will see that he points out how you may come to the aid of the infant mind, both in the earlier and the later stages of this process of spiritual evolution. Let it be stated at once that you are not limited to any particular imitation, but that the Weather-vane merely stands for the wind-blown object, whatever it may be, which most allures the child's interest. He is incited to repeat its movement, and led gradually to imitate the activity of other objects set in motion by the same unseen force. This is, of course, a process involving time, but it must be remembered that no one of Froebel's plays represents a detached experience, but rather the moving

principle of many experiences. Each game must be conceived on the one hand as a center from which influence radiates in all directions, and on the other as the vital germ of a particular thought which is to be developed by other experiences and by recurrence to the play itself at different intervals throughout the whole of early childhood. Thus the power of the implicit thought is made cumulative, and the watchful mother is able to trace its deepening and widening influence.

Emerson has said that language is fossil poetry. Max Müller has called it petrified philosophy. As poetry it preserves those correspondences between Nature and the soul which seized upon the imagination of primitive men. As philosophy or psychology it reveals the wings upon which the soul soars into the upper air of thought. Tracing the pedigree of words we learn the ancestral forms of all spiritual ideas. And, since the process of spiritual evolution is alike in the individual and the race, a study of the words under which men originally strove to express spiritual ideas gives us many a valuable hint with regard to the true method of developing such ideas in the mind of the child. It is, therefore, in-

teresting in connection with our Song of the Wind to recall the fact that by savages the soul is often described as "the air or breeze which passes in and out through the nostrils and the mouth," and that the breath has furnished the chief name for the soul not only to the Hebrew, Sanskrit, Latin, Greek, German, and English tongues, but also to many barbaric languages.\* "The Latin word *anima* meant originally blowing or breathing, and was derived from a root *an* to blow, which gives *anila*, wind in Sanscrit, and *anemos*, wind in Greek. In Greek the root *thyein*, to rush, gave the name *thyella* to the storm wind, and the name *thymos* to the soul as the seat of the passions!" † "Spirit, Latin *spiritus*, is derived from a verb *spirare*, which means to draw breath. The German *Geist*, the English ghost, has also the meaning of breath, while the lineage of the word soul shows clearly that our Teutonic ancestors conceived the principle of spiritual life as an inward sea, heaving up and down with every breath, like the ocean waves which swell and rise when the wind blows." ‡

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\* Myths and Myth Makers, John Fiske, p. 225.

† Science of Language, Max Müller, Eng. Ed., vol. ii, p. 436.

‡ Science of Language, Max Müller, Eng. Ed., vol. i, p. 523.

The recoil of imagination against the mystery of the wind may also be traced in myth. Wind gods and wind-conquering heroes appear in all mythologies. The mysterious Mani of New Zealand legend holds all the winds but the west in his hands, or imprisons them with great stones rolled to the mouths of their caves. In American folklore the four winds are personal divinities, each having his distinctive character, and Longfellow has made us familiar with Mudjekeewis the west wind, and his children: Wabun, the morning-bringer, Shawondasee, the lazy south wind, and the fierce Kabibonokka. Classic myth gives us Æolus as wind prisoner; Boreas, born of the Starry Heaven and the Dawn. Finally, our own Teutonic race contributes the beautiful legends of the Erl King and the Lorelei, the conception of "Runic Odin howling his war-song to the gale," and the image of that fierce Hrasvelg, who "sits at the end of heaven, a giant in eagle's disguise, and from whose wings the wind doth come over all mankind."

In the effort to repeat these interesting chapters of race experience we must be careful not to caricature them. The steep and narrow path of true edu-

cation hugs the dangerous edge of a precipice. Yawning beneath it are the pits of sentimentalism and formalism. We fall into sentimentalism whenever we forget that the progress of thought is from object to subject, and that the young child lacks all conscious introspection. He knows many things before he begins to know himself. He must know all things before he can completely know himself. Hence we contradict all sound psychology when we attempt to divert his attention from visible and audible phenomena and direct it to the emotions which we imagine these phenomena ought to inspire. Such effort to develop a premature subjectivity is the parent of hypocrisy and self-deception. Add to this sentimentalism the pedantry born of answering unasked questions, and you will have done all you can to destroy integrity and vigor of mind. It has been said that every premature definition of virtue is the seed of a vice. It is equally true that every premature definition, or conscious statement of feeling is the seed of a sham, and that every premature question nips or kills some living seed of thought.

Never, therefore, ask Harold such foolish questions as "How does the wind make you feel?" or

“What does the wind make you think?” Let him wonder without contemplating his wonder. Let him think without thinking of his thought. Rend not with profane hands the veil which shrouds that holy of holies, a human soul. Remember that in reality symbols are the “safeguards of mystery,” and that their value lies in the fact that in them there is both “concealment and revelation.” Avoid also all questions as to what makes the wind, and above all, shun those crude and easy explanations which extinguish wonder without kindling thought, and whose only effect is to make the child feel that there can be no great mystery in the object so glibly talked about. The object of Froebel’s Wind Song is to abet the unconscious dialectic through which the mind comes eventually to refer a variety of visible phenomena to the agency of a single invisible force. It is a parody of his procedure to ask the question which it is the aim of the organic experiences suggested to evolve, and the fact that this and similar questions are asked again and again is one chief reason why his symbolic method is misunderstood and denounced. Observe in Froebel’s commentary that even when the child questions about the wind he is not answered, but pointed to

another mystery. "My child," says the mother, "you can see your little hand move, but you can not see the force that moves it." There is but one mystery and one miracle, the miracle of free self-activity. "Were it not miraculous," asks Carlyle, "could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight, and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free force to clutch aught therewith?"

Does it seem that in denying the right of question and explanation I leave but little for you to do? If so, try to realize the influence of music, poetry, gesture, and picture, and, what is still more important, understand that all truth must be rooted in, watered by, and brought to blossom through experiences which, beginning in infancy, recur throughout the whole of life. The Weathervane will mean little either to you or to Harold unless it incites you to give him plenty of outdoor life. Let

the zephyrs fan his cheek. Let him battle with the storm wind. As he grows older do not fear to let him measure his strength against the wind on water as well as on land. Enrich him with the joys of Emerson's wild-eyed boy,

Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,  
Whom the dawn and the day star urgeth.

Open his ears to the pæan which sounds through the forest when "the grand old harper smites his thunder harp of pines." Open his soul not only to the influence of Nature, but also to the influence of Nature's interpreters, the poets. Read to him, from the *Odyssey*, of Æolus holding the winds in his cave; from the *Iliad*, of the great battle between the Fire-God and the Rivers, wherein the help of the wind gave victory to his ally; from the Vedic hymns of the fierce Maruts, "who toss the clouds across the singing sea, who shake the rocks and tear asunder the trees of the forest"; and when at last his soul is ready for the message turn his thought both to the transcendent God who "clothes Himself with light as with a garment, and walks upon the wings of the wind," and to that immanent spirit which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth." Then shall he understand the presentiments which

now haunt his dreaming soul, and wide awake look into the open eyes of Truth.\*

If I have succeeded in suggesting to your mind the thoughts which Froebel's Wind Song wakens in my own you will now be ready to recognize the truth that "the union of the one and the many is an everlasting quality in thought itself which never grows old in us." Reason is itself a unity in manifoldness, hence it can never be satisfied save as it reduces the manifold to unity. The wonder of the child over the many objects moved by the wind is but an adumbration of the wrestling of mature thought with all forms of the manifold. It was because it proved that each thing in the universe is relative to every other, and hence that the universe

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\* I do not know whether I have made myself clear, but my general thought is that with little children we should limit our effort to bringing them in contact with the actual experiences out of which the race through analogy evolved its insights. Froebel suggests in his picture that they should notice the different things the wind does. As they grow older they should be led to notice the differences between still air, the gentle breeze, the brisk wind, the gust, the tornado. They should also distinguish the different sounds made by the wind—its whispers, songs, sighs, moans, whistles, shrieks, roars. In a word, they should be impressed with all its actual activities, and left to themselves to make out its spiritual analogies. To give them the spiritual meaning is simply to thwart the whole natural process of development.

is one, that Newton's thought of gravitation was epoch-making in science. It was because it pictured the world "as a whole, moved and animated by internal forces," that Humboldt's *Cosmos* merited and won its great celebrity. It was the conviction that every creature is "a note in the great harmony which must be studied in the whole," which inspired Goethe's search for the intermaxillary bone. It was his poetic and philosophic craving to reduce diversities to unity which impelled him to botanical research, and led to the discovery of the metamorphosis of plants. It is because it endows all objects in time with the unity which gravitation gives to all objects in space, that the theory of evolution has achieved its unparalleled triumph. To solve the problem of the many and the one is the sole passion of thought, and in its ever-widening syntheses we recognize the gathering force of that finally resistless current with which the mind sweeps out upon the world.

## LETTER IV.

### MAKING BY UNMAKING.

Oh, have you thought out all it means  
When baby comes to know  
Just this—"My bowl is empty now;  
'Twas full a while ago?"

Only to soul life is it given  
To own the hour that's fled,  
Blest token that we most shall live  
When men shall call us dead.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

### ALL GONE!

All gone! the supper's gone!  
White bread and milk so sweet,  
For baby dear to eat.

All gone! the supper's gone!  
Where did baby's supper go?  
Tongue, you had a share, I know.  
Little mouth, with open lips,  
Through your rosy gate it slips.  
Little throat, you know full well  
Where it went, if you would tell.

Little hands, grow strong;  
Little legs, grow long;  
Little cheeks, grow red:  
You have all been fed.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

'S ist all-all.

„Wie mag das Kind sich doch das  
All-all deuten?  
Sinn muss drin sein, sonst ließ  
sich's nicht beschleiden.  
Was jetzt es sab,  
Ist nicht mehr da;  
Was oben war,  
Ist unten;  
Was da jetzt war,  
Geklouwden;  
Wo ist's denn hingekommen?  
Ein Demand hat's genommen.  
Sieb, eines ist in beiden,  
D'rüm läßt sich's Kind beschleiden.“



DEAR ——: Within the past week I have been reading Professor Preyer's book, *The Mind of the Child*, and, perhaps because my thought has also been dwelling much on the All-Gone Song I have been forcibly struck by the many observations proving that the first general concept attained by his boy was that of change in its two forms of ceasing to be and coming to be. It has also interested me to notice that the recognition of ceasing or vanishing preceded by nine months that of beginning or appearing. While still unable to articulate any words other than the primitive syllables ma-ma, pa-pa, at-ta, little Axel formed the habit of saying atta when carried from the house for his daily outing. In his eleventh month he uttered the same word when the light of a lamp was dimmed. Later he whispered atta when a face was hidden, a fan closed, and a glass emptied of its contents. From these examples of its use it is evident that the word meant to him "gone, all gone," while from the fact that it was generally whispered it seems fair to infer that some sense of mystery, and some feeling of awe, attended this recognition of disappearance. Finally, the feeling of awe was heightened into visible terror during a railway journey, and the

child repeated atta again and again as he gazed from the car window upon the ever-vanishing landscape.\*

Doubtless every thoughtful mother can recall experiences verifying the observations of Professor Preyer.† Doubtless, too, every mother tries to put into words and action something of what she feels

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\* "The only word that is unquestionably used to denote a class of perceptions is still atta, ha-atta, which during the following month also is uttered softly, for the most part on going out, and which signifies away or gone. Beyond this no syllable can be named that marked the dawn of mental independence, none that testified to the voluntary use of articulate sounds for the purpose of announcing perceptions."—*Development of the Intellect*, p. 122. Record of fifteenth month.

"No second concept is proved with certainty to be associated with a definite sound until the twentieth month, when da or nda was frequently uttered in a lively manner and with a peculiarly demonstrative accent on the sudden appearance of a new object in the field of vision."—*Development of the Intellect*, p. 138.

† The little girl I studied used as her first word All-gone in a highly generalized sense. She said it when an object was put out of sight; when one was denied her; when she saw an object that had been denied her; when she swallowed a mouthful of food; when she slipped back, failing to climb a step; when she had tried to attract some one's attention and failed; when a person left the room; when a door blew to; when a wagon drove away; when a person passed by, or a wagon approached; when she wished to go out herself (*First Two Years of the Child*).—MILLICENT W. SHINN.

to be struggling in her child's mind. "All gone," she exclaims, smiling and throwing out her arms in explanatory gesture as baby gazes perplexed into his empty cup. "All-gone, light," she repeats, when the candle is borne out of sight. "Bye-bye, papa," she calls, throwing a kiss as the father disappears from the nursery, and "bye-bye, pussie, bye-bye, birdie, bye-bye, ball," she says, and teaches her baby to say as one of these well-known objects runs, flies, or rolls out of the field of his vision.

It must, however, be confessed that in this case the deed of the mother is hardly an adequate response to the hint thrown out by the child. Confronted by vanishing objects he shows perplexity, wonder, and fear. Evidently his mind is grappling with a problem. Something has gone! *Where* has it gone? *Why* has it gone? Will it come back? Such are the questions stirring darkly within him, and we only need to put them into words to realize that the infant soul is having its first wrestle with an enigma which has allured and tortured the mind of man upon every plane of historic development.

Were it not that familiarity with change dead-

ens our sense of its mystery, we should meet the child's wonder with a more comprehending sympathy. Think of fleeting days, of changing seasons, of passing years! Behold in the heavens the setting sun, the waning moon, the vanishing stars! Let your imagination wander over the face of the earth until you feel the meaning of rushing rivers and ebbing tides, of fading flowers and falling leaves, of withering plants and dying animals. Consider how the mother vanishes from her child, the child from its mother, husband from wife, and friend from friend. When your heart has dwelt upon these things until you begin to realize what it means to be the denizen of a world which is forever fleeing from itself, and whose air is full of "farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead," stretch your thought, and from these commonplaces of change pass to its wider workings. Remind yourself that the earth was once a ball of vapor and afterward a fiery sun, while now she hastens toward the time when, like the moon, she will be cold and dead. Recall her geologic changes, her sunken continents, her vanished oceans, her extinct fauna and flora, the primitive men who roved through her ancient forests and died leaving no

sign. Remember the great historic nations which have been and are not. Then once more expand your thought and try to realize that our planet is but one of an infinite number of worlds whose life process is presumably the same, and that, as a whole, the history of the universe is that of matter diffused through space and aggregated into revolving spheres only to be after some brief span of life again diffused.

Why is Turner the greatest painter of Nature? Is it not because he paints a dissolving appearance? "Even while you look at the landscape," say his great pictures, "it is passing away." Piety and poetry speak in similar strain. "The heavens wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall they be changed." "The great globe shall dissolve, and like an insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind." "Nature is giddy with motion, and sun, moon, man undulate and stream." In the alembic of thought all "things that be" melt to "things that seem," and solid Nature dissolves into "one fast-flowing energy," "one rushing metamorphosis."

When you begin to feel as little Axel felt in presence of the flying landscape, consider with what

thoughts you seek to reassure your quaking heart. Do you not remind yourself that the sinking lights in the heaven will rise again, that the stream which rushes to the sea is but returning to its source, that the fading flower carries in its heart the seed whence new flowers shall be born, that though individual plants and animals die, their species persist? Rising to higher levels of thought, do you not declare that extinct fauna and flora are explained when we contemplate Nature as a whole and read her evolutionary history; that no great nation perishes unless the World-Spirit transcends the idea it embodies; that death is in reality the true birth of the spirit, and that though our earth shall one day return to star dust it will not be until she has fulfilled her destiny, and nurtured countless millions of immortal souls. Summing up these separate reassurances, is it not clear that you explain to yourself the phenomena of change by declaring that they imply unrealized possibility, and that in all seemingly destructive activities you recognize the segments and arcs of great circular, spiral, and vortical processes?

Now, just as you explain change to yourself, you must explain it to your boy if you would help

him to conquer and keep his poise of mind. Your explanations must, however, be limited to those infinitesimal circles of change which fall within the range of his minute experience. Froebel's All-Gone Play shows you the ideal mother fulfilling this double requirement. Baby's supper is all gone! Where did it go? Little lips, little tongue, little throat, *you* can tell. Will it come back? Yes, for see, baby's legs are getting long, and his cheeks rosy. Vaguely at first, but with ever-increasing clearness the child learns to connect his food with his bodily health and growth, and with this synthesis makes perhaps his first solution of the enigma of change.

In the account of her girlhood days at Keilhau, Frau Schrader confesses that some of Froebel's plays seemed to her ridiculous, and that she found his idea that men might be made noble by playing such games narrow, limited, and unnatural. Every thoughtful kindergartner has probably been forced to combat a similar doubt both in herself and others. No one can get rid of it without the insight that each little play is merely the concrete example of a general method of procedure, and the point of departure for a cumulative series of experiences. The

really wonderful thing about Froebel is his acumen in discerning the nuclei of development, and his power of connecting them with the ideals which are at once their impulsion and their goal. What he says to the mother in each of his little plays is: Learn from what you do in this given instance how to act in all similar instances. What he says in the All-Gone Song is: Learn from the synthesis we have made between baby's vanishing supper and his rosy cheeks how to explain all seemingly destructive processes.

If, therefore, we aspire to be intelligent disciples of the prophet of childhood, we shall seize upon every opportunity of calling attention to the rhythmic movement through which change negates itself. We shall connect the sunset with the sunrise, point out the recurrent phases of the moon, teach children to recognize the brightest stars and the most striking constellations, and to watch for their disappearance and return. We shall call attention to the flight of migratory birds, and to their joyous reappearance. We shall show the links which bind the separate seasons into a circular chain of activity. We shall suggest that all the metamorphoses of plant life find their consummation in reproducing

the seed from which they started. We shall stir childish imagination with the mysterious transformations of the caterpillar into chrysalis and butterfly. We shall make much of family birthdays and national anniversaries, and avail ourselves of the sweet influence of our great church festivals upon the development of religious emotion and aspiration. In a word, let the idea of the All-Gone Song become really alive in our minds, and it will impel us daily to some sympathetic suggestion or interpretation of which otherwise we might never have dreamed.

The choice of baby's vanishing supper as a typical illustration of the fact of change is a happy one, because in it the child is himself the change producer. He unmakes his food in order to make his body. Emerson has described the process of assimilation as a physical effort to make over the world into the image of the self. "The snake converts whatever food the meadow yields into snake, the fox into fox, and Peter and John are busy working up all existence into Peter and John." The ideal which this effort implies can, however, not be realized upon the physical plane, and the act of assimilation points upward to man's spiritual activity in

subduing, transforming, and idealizing Nature. Realizing this fact do you not begin to see the destructiveness of little children in a new light? Why do they empty drawers, tear paper, break their toys? Are they, too, trying to stamp themselves upon their environment? Must they, too, unmake in order to remake? And above all, is it your duty to see to it that the effort of the self to produce its image be not thwarted by the lack of material simple enough to lend itself readily to the transforming and creative impulse?

You must often have watched little children at play on the seashore, and you know that for a time they are content simply to fill little pails with sand, which they immediately pour out. Later, they make huts, dig wells, excavate tunnels, lay out gardens, and when several of them play together, whole villages spring up under their combined effort. Change making without aim is transfigured into creation, and individual creativeness increased by social combination. From hints like these Froebel was led to the production of the kindergarten gifts, and to use them so that they may abet the activity of the child in these several stages of development is to use them in his spirit.

So much for the All-Gone Song. Now for the picture. You will notice that it is divided into two parts. In the foreground of the lower division mother and child sit at a table on which stands a cup from which the child has just been fed. In front of the table a dog who has greedily devoured his food looks in his dish for more. Back of the mother a thirsty boy asks water of his sister, who for an answer holds up an empty glass. As he looks at the glass sly puss creeps up behind him and steals his slice of buttered bread. When he shall turn to get his bread he will find it "all gone."

Suspended from the ceiling hangs a cage, and on tiptoe beside it a little girl stands ready to give her canary fresh seed. As she opens the door she turns her head just for a second to see what her sister is doing, and lo! when she looks again at the cage she will find her bird flown. Her little brother tries to comfort her. "Come with me, sister," he says, "for out in the field I know a tree in which there is a nest full of birds."

The upper part of the picture shows us the children arrived at the field. The older boy has climbed the tree to get the nest. The other children

are so absorbed in watching him that not one of them notices the dog who has followed them to the field, and now stands quietly eating the bread the younger boy holds in his hand. When the little fellow turns round he too will find his bread—all gone. The elder brother has reached the nest. But what does he see? The nest is empty; the birds have all flown away. One little bird, however, flutters to the ground. “I shall have you, at any rate,” says the younger boy, throwing his hat over it. “How glad I shall be to give you to my sister. Wait here, little bird, under my hat, until I pick the beautiful raspberries growing on this bush. How good they will taste!” But a frolicsome breeze blows over the hat, away flies the bird, and the boy when he returns from the raspberry bush will find his bird flown.

Froebel’s explanation of this picture shows that by typical illustrations of inattention, inconsiderateness, want of forethought, and lack of self-restraint he is seeking to awaken the ideals which these tendencies contradict. In other words, he is beginning the moral education of the child by attacking the faults into which all children are betrayed. He knows that higher virtues imply lower ones, and

that the attempt to develop the higher before the lower is the parent of sham and hypocrisy. He knows that until we win inner collectedness there is no possibility of any real spiritual development, that all good is conquered evil, and all character formed by a process of overcoming. Therefore he escapes the too common error of trying to build character by beginning with the roof instead of the foundations.

For a long time I was puzzled by the excursion to the field and the attempt to rob the bird's nest, and it seemed to me that the condemnation of this proceeding was by no means sufficiently stringent. The following passage from the Education of Man cleared my vision, and showed me that it was because Froebel understood the child that he did not exaggerate his offense:

"Another source of many boyish faults lies in precipitation, carelessness, frivolity, and thoughtlessness. The boy is apt to act in obedience to a possibly praiseworthy impulse that holds captive his mind and body; but he has not yet experienced in his life the consequences of gratifying this particular impulse, and it has, indeed, not even occurred to him to consider the consequences of the action.

. . . A boy throws stones for a long time at the small window of a house near by, trying very hard to hit it. He has no idea, nor does he realize that, if a stone strikes the window, the latter must necessarily break. At last a stone hits the window, the window breaks, and the amazed boy stands rooted to the spot.

“ Again, another boy, by no means malicious, but, on the contrary, very good natured and fond of pigeons, aimed at his neighbor’s beautiful pigeon on the roof, with perfect delight and an intense desire to hit his mark. He did not consider that if the bullet should hit the mark the pigeon would be killed, and still less that this pigeon might be the mother of young ones needing her care. He fired, the bullet struck, the pigeon fell, a beautiful pair of pigeons were separated, and a number of unfledged young ones lost the mother who had fed and warmed them.

“ It is certainly a very great truth—and failure to appreciate it does daily great harm—that it generally is some other human being, not unfrequently the educator himself, that first makes the child or the boy bad. This is accomplished by attributing evil—or at least wrong—motives to all that the

child or boy does from ignorance, precipitation, or even from a keen and praiseworthy sense of right or wrong.” \*

Interpreting the attempt to rob the bird’s nest in the light of these illustrations, is it not clear that Froebel recognized as its inspiration the boy’s kindly impulse to make good to his sister the loss of her canary, while, on the other hand, by saving the nestlings and suggesting their right to their home and their freedom, he attacks the heedlessness which might so easily harden into wanton cruelty?

Test this interpretation the next time you show Harold the All-Gone picture. Say to him: “It was kind of the little brother to want to give his sister another bird, but he should have thought how the poor little bird would miss its home and its mother, and how the mother would grieve for her nestling.” On the other hand, learn from this illuminating example how important it is to overcome the tendency to give pleasure at no cost to one’s self, and without considering the cost to others. Train Harold to recognize that before he permits himself to give he must consider whether what he

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\* Education of Man, Hailmann’s translation, pp. 123, 124.

is giving is his own. Otherwise he may fall into the habit of preying upon the time, strength, and possessions of others in order to gratify alike his selfish and his generous whims, and in the latter case even plume himself on his exceptional kindness.

Buddha felt so sorry for the hungry tiger that he offered himself as its supper. This was the *reductio ad absurdum* of self-sacrifice. But it is worse to gratify your momentary sympathy with the tiger by throwing him your neighbor or your friend.

Are you asking what possible connection there can be between these moral lessons and baby's vanishing supper? Some tie must bind them together, or our picture is no picture at all. A true picture is a unity in the manifold. Some one idea is expressed in all of its different objects, and each object or group of objects presents this idea from a different point of view. Obviously the All-Gone picture presents the general fact of disappearance. The supper, the canary, the nestlings, the slice of bread all vanish away. This merely superficial connection, however, leaves us dissatisfied, and we seek a deeper unity in the thought of return or re-

action. The child's supper returns, and so does his deed. The return of the one has a positive, the return of the other a negative, outcome. Baby's bread and milk is transmuted into rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs. Heedlessness and want of consideration destroy the continuity of experience, and cause each new moment of time to eat up its predecessor. The ability to recognize change enables the child to observe the recoil of his deeds, and thus makes possible a process of self-changing through which a merely animal type of existence is transfigured into truly human living. *The child unmakes his food to make his body. He unmakes in order to remake his environment. He must unmake in order to make himself.*

The activities of sense, the power of motion, the rudimentary impulses of sympathy, the faculty of imitation, the young child shares with young animals. With the recognition of change he parts company from the brute, and enters upon his distinctive career as a human being. The consciousness of change presupposes an act of comparison. Something which was is contrasted with something that is. Such comparison implies that a past moment is held in mind, and such holding of a van-

ished moment shows that the child is no longer a creature of mere sensation, who, heedless of his ceaseless transit, is whirled along the rushing stream of Time. He has climbed the banks of the Time river and, stationary himself, watches its ever-flowing currents. Thenceforward he need never fear being drowned in its waves.

But though the consciousness of change assures its possessor of *endless* life, it does not free him from temporal life. Shakespeare has described appetite, or merely natural impulse, as a universal wolf, which, making, perforce, a universal prey, at last eats up itself. When each successive moment devours the deed of the preceding moment life is forever vanishing and beginning anew, and though it should persist forever it would remain forever finite and temporal. It is only as we learn to do deeds, each of which re-enforces all the others and is in turn re-enforced by them that mere endlessness is transfigured into eternal life. The recognition of change gives the point of departure for the conversion of endlessness into eternity. For from contrast between what was and what is, the mind, under the impetus of the idea of cause, advances to their connection, and thus becomes conscious of the cir-

cular sweep of its own energies. Observing the results of his deeds, the child begins to define their nature. Defining their nature, he discriminates good from evil and generates ideals. Generating ideals he becomes morally self-directing, and thus frees his soul from external seduction, and fortifies it against external attack.

There are three kinds of change. The first is that which is wholly produced by outside influence. Rocks are worn away by water; iron is corroded by air; forests are destroyed by fire; water is frozen by cold and converted into vapor by heat. In the second form of change there is both outside influence and self-determination. To this type belong the vital processes of nutrition, respiration, and reproduction, the adaptive modification to environment, by which all existing species of plants and animals have been produced, and that progressive transformation of Nature through which it becomes the image and revelation of human selfhood. In the third form of change external influence vanishes, and the process is self-produced and self-sustained. The self-changing being creates its own environment, furnishes its own stimulations, acts upon itself as object, and transforms itself as result.

This type of change is realized through the ascent of thought to the contemplation of causal energies, and in the self-determination of the will through altruistic ideals. To attain the stadium of self-change is to become free and immortal—free because emancipated from external coercion and seduction, immortal because possessing the power of realizing all potentialities and transcending all defects.

We are becoming familiar with the idea that the condition of the young child presents many analogies to that of the hypnotic patient, and that as the latter responds to the suggestions of the operator, so the former responds to the suggestions of his environment. Professor Baldwin tested the regularity of the operation of suggestion by arranging attractive objects about a room in such a way that only after reaching one could his little daughter see the next. He found her, of course, the victim of this device, and she rushed with avidity from one object to another.\* It is, however, important to remember that all children do not respond in the same manner to the same suggestion. Approach your face to one baby and you get a scratch, ap-

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\* Mental Development, James Mark Baldwin, p. 385.

proach it to another and you receive a caress.\* Hold up before one child a number of attractive objects, and his mind is paralyzed by colliding desires. Hold the same objects before a different child and he immediately seizes one and neglects all the rest. The individuality of each child influences the form of his reaction to external stimuli, or, differently stated, the native bias of temperament acts as an unconscious motive in determining the choice. Moral life begins when conscious motives take the place of blind impulsion. Where these are lacking there is self-determination in the forms of impulse and desire. Where they are present there is self-determination in its highest potency as free will.

Even while the child is still borne along by the current of mere natural impulse the mother may do much to help or hinder his moral development. By appealing to activity, sympathy, kindness, generosity she may increase the energy of these elemental forces; by appealing to selfishness and vanity she may augment the power of these despotic passions.

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\* "Caligula recognized the legitimacy of his daughter because of the early brutality with which she attacked the eyes and cheeks of other infants who were presented to her as playfellows."—De Quincy's *Cæsars*, p. 86.

But the highest privilege of motherhood is to aid the child to generate conscious ideals and win him to obey them. The means of realizing this double purpose are worthy examples, well-considered approval, reproof, and punishment; the direction of the child's observation to the recoil of his deeds; stories, songs, poems, and pictures, portraying right and wrong actions belonging to the level of consciousness he has attained.

Several cautions are necessary. The first is that in judging the actions of children we must be careful to study their motives, and avoid the too common error of reading into them our own stronger and more conscious feelings. Little children are neither so bad nor so good as we think them when we explain them by ourselves. Much of the injustice done them arises from imputing to them deliberately evil intentions impossible in a stage of development whose characteristic mark is simple incontinence, while conversely our undue praise of their virtue arises from transferring to them by analogy our own spiritual struggles and victories. The second caution is that since the child can appreciate only the consequences which follow close upon the heels of action he must be incited to effort and self-

control, not by the remote but by the immediate fruits of his deeds. Our moral appeals are often fruitless just because we are blind to this truth, and instead of calling attention to near results threaten the child with that distant and to him indifferent future when he shall be a man, or appeal to him by motives borrowed from the more remote and hence less potent hereafter of death. Finally, since good is conquered evil, and we learn what is right by finding out what is wrong, it is of prime importance to hold up to imagination examples of deeds to be shunned, and this is the reason why Froebel in the All-Gone picture shows the outcome of those impulsive errors into which little children are most prone to fall. In the commentary on Falling Falling, in the pictures and commentaries relating to the Fishes and the Light Bird, in the Broken Window, the Shadow Songs, the Knights and the Bad Child, he likewise portrays negative deeds, and shows their results. That in many songs and pictures he presents actions to be emulated goes without saying. Like our traditional tales where the virtues of the hero or heroine are thrown into relief by contrast with a bad brother or sister, like the Bible stories of Cain and Abel, Noah and the wicked world,

Esau and Jacob, Joseph and his brethren, David and Saul; like the revelation of good in Dante's Purgatory through positive and negative examples, the Mother-Play allures the heart by the beauty of the ideal, and defines this ideal by picturing the outcome of deeds which contradict it.

One of the commonest mistakes in education is the presentation of ideals for which the mind is not prepared. Whenever this is done it either confuses the child's intellect, leaves him indifferent, arouses his antagonism, or betrays him into hypocrisy. Rousseau tells a good story of a little boy whom he heard glibly relating the celebrated anecdote of Alexander the Great and his trusted physician. The latter had prescribed for the king a medicinal draught. Alexander was told that it was poisoned. But he had reason to trust the character of his physician, so he quietly told the latter what he had heard, and then drank the medicine. To understand the point of this story it is necessary to know how many dangers beset one who wears a crown; how discerning must be the mind of him who, surrounded by false and faithless men, clearly recognizes those who may be trusted; and how heroic is the heart which dares to stake life rather

than to doubt a proven character. Naturally a young child can appreciate neither such dangers, such discernment, nor such heroism; and therefore when Rousseau, who suspected that he had been listening to a parrot recitation, questioned the narrator he found that the boy, who had himself recently been forced to take a nauseous draught, was simply admiring Alexander for drinking with calmness what must have had a very bad taste.

Why is Hamlet the Sphinx \* of literature? Is it not because so few people know the morbid introspection, the too curious consideration which paralyzes the will? Literature is purgatorial when it reveals both the motive and the outcome of deed. We understand the revelation only in so far as we find something analogous to it in our own consciousness. I am sure that many stories we tell children are not only valueless but pernicious, because the deeds portrayed remain opaque to imagination, and I am no less sure that one reason we tell such stories is because we do not consider that good is conquered evil, and that the only ideals the young child can understand are those which

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\* See Mr. D. J. Snider's Shakespearean Drama.

point to conquest of the faults into which he is constantly betrayed. If you will remember this you will know how to save Harold from staggering about in garments of thought which fit his mind . about as the trousers and coats of his long-legged, broad-chested father would fit his little body.

The Chinese are said to have the golden rule in a negative form. The Hindoo knows there is a contradiction between his natural and ideal self, but has never been able to make a positive solution of the problem which such a contradiction involves. The ten commandments are specific and prohibitory; the Christian law of love is universal and affirmatory. The educational discipline of many centuries was required to bridge the gulf between the two revelations. Genetically "Thou shalt not" antedates "Thou shalt," and though evil can only be defined as the negative of good, it is none the less true that good arises by the process of overcoming evil. Looking at evil "under the form of eternity," we may confidently repeat the affirmation of St. Augustine: "I inquired what iniquity was and found it no substance, but perversion of the will from the best and highest good." Looking at good under the form of time we are forced to admit its

evolution from evil, and to realize that both for the individual and the race the making of the ideal involves the unmaking of the natural self.

We have ceased to talk of original sin, but we reaffirm the thought which inspired that formula in the statement that "man must throw off his brute inheritance." Froebel's wording of this insight is that man is born the child of Nature, but is destined to become the child of God. Goethe has rekindled its light in many minds by his declaration that "it is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin." The mystic teaches the same truth when he bids us remember that we must "die to live," and philosophy defines its complete implication in the profound paradox that the negative must negate itself. Under all forms of statement the one great idea is that self-making is self-changing, and that it is only by annihilating self that we achieve selfhood.

I wonder if, when as a child you listened to the story of Jacob and Esau, you felt as I did. How I despised Jacob for his timidity, his bargaining, his deceit! How my heart went out to the generous, impulsive, affectionate Esau! How unjust it

seemed to me that his crafty supplanter should be preferred as father of the people of God. It has taken long years of experience to reconcile me to Jacob. Slowly I came to see that from the beginning he showed a susceptibility to the ideal which Esau wholly lacked. I began to appreciate his reverence for the despised birthright. I admitted that a man who could serve fourteen years to gain the woman he loved deserved respect. I recognized in all the details of his life the merit of resolute and unbending purpose. I beheld the gradual uplifting of his aims, the gradual ennobling of his endeavor. I entered into the meaning of that night of agony wherein he wrestled with an adversary whose name he knew not, and won his own new name of Israel, the prince of God. I confessed that his was the triumph of one who overcomes, and reluctantly admitted that his more attractive brother remained forever the child of impulse, one "who did eat and drink, rose up and went his way." Finally I recognized in history the vindication of the divine choice. In the wrathful monarch who slew the babes of Bethlehem and in the heartless voluptuary who as the reward of a seductive dance gave the head of a prophet, I learned to condemn

their wavering, fickle, and unruly progenitor, while my heart did tardy justice to the wrestling and prevailing Jacob as I realized that from the race who were called by his name, and who perpetuated his character, there sprang in the fullness of time that mighty One who, having overcome the world and the flesh, death and the grave, shall reign forever king of kings and lord of lords.

Have I wandered far from the All-Gone picture? To me it does not seem so, for in its gentle incitement to consideration and self-restraint I recognize that Froebel is guiding the child's first feeble steps upon the steep and narrow path which mounts toward the ideal I have been describing. Our "sugar-plum" and "flower-pot" education, on the contrary, beguiles him to self-indulgence, and creates in him the vicious expectation of success without effort, love without merit, and character without conquest.

Every thoughtful mother must consciously ask two questions: What is the universal law of development, and what is its goal? To these questions the answers are written in characters which he who runs may read. What mean the "struggle for life," and the "survival of the fittest"?

What means that nobler struggle for the life of others shown in the care of the plant for its seed, the bird for her nestlings, the mammalian mother for her suckling? What mean the loving sacrifices of human parents, the devotion of patriots, the self-surrender of heroes, the voluntary martyrdom of saints? Dare we hesitate to draw the inevitable conclusion that creation is a *viâ dolorosa* upon whose summit stands the cross? "If thou be the son of God save thyself and come down from the cross!" Ah, if we but knew it, could we but realize it, *that* is just the one thing the son of God may never do.

And now, dear mother of my little godson, do you trust me enough, do you love me enough to accept at my hands the wounds of a friend? May I say to you with perfect frankness that in the education of your older children you seem to me to have violated the principle suggested in the All-Gone picture and commentary. I have often wondered why you who have so strenuously wrought, so triumphantly overcome, should fail to incite your children to noble warfare. Does your too sanguine love blind you to

the dangers which beset their gifted, sympathetic, attractive, yet wayward and pleasure-loving natures? Is it that you have thought it sufficient to hold up general ideals of conduct and trust to the "spontaneous spring of the soul toward truth" for the reaction of such ideals upon the formation of character? May it be that your over-sensitive feeling of personal accountability betrays you into assuming responsibilities not your own, that therefore you seek to shield your children rather than to arm them, and that in your fear of arousing antagonism you fall at times into an unworthy acquiescence? Or, is it possible that you feel the allurement of the higher life, but not its compulsion; that you actually do not know that sun and moon are set in array against wayward caprice; that the stars in their courses fight against self-indulgence, that a militant cosmos defends its own ideal of rational freedom? I ask these questions, but I can not answer them. I only know that while you have chosen for yourself the life of conquest you have not seemed to expect it of your children. Begin to do so, and with your Benjamin begin so early that you may avoid for him the tragic crises from which it may be you can not

now save his older brothers and sisters. Do not be discouraged by past mistakes, but set yourself the valiant task of undoing their results. Claim for your loved ones as for yourself the ceaseless strife and the two-edged sword, the noble failure which transcends all petty successes, the "divine discontent" sweeter far than all finite joys.

The goal of all spiritual activity is its return upon a higher plane to its point of departure. The infant lives only in the vanishing moment. Winning the final triumph of character he lives again in the moment, but he freights the moment with eternity.

The madness which mortgages the whole of life to its fleeting moments, and scoffs at inevitable consequences in the violence and recklessness of its desires is portrayed in the legend of Faust. But a world-poet has transfigured the myth by giving it a different ending. Itself immortal and divine, the soul of man can never find satisfaction in the finite and ephemeral. Goaded by aspiration it must disdain all petty joys, and the only moment to which it can say, Ah, still delay, thou art so fair, is the moment of love, of service, and of sacrifice, into

which is compressed eternal life. Over such a soul the spirit of evil, which is the spirit of finitude, can have no lasting power, and in its noble unrest we read the blessed promise of its final perfection.

Tick, Tack!

„Jedes Ding alsdann nur wohl-  
gedeckt,  
Hält in Atem es die richt'ge Zeit;  
Darum, soll Dein Kindchen gut ge-  
deih'n,  
Muß von Ordnung es umgeben  
sein.  
Wem die Ordnung wollt' ver-  
brechen gar,  
Der wird vieler Freuden werden  
baar;  
Leite darum früh Dein Kind zur  
Ordnung hin,  
Ordnung ist gewiß dem Kinde Hoch-  
gewinn.“



## LETTER V.

### HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.

Oh, teach your child that Order's law  
Is ever truly kind,  
And will his life to music set ;  
While those who this same law forget  
No rhythmic sweetness find.

The clock is not a master hard,  
Ruling with iron hand ;  
It is a happy household sprite,  
Helping all things to move aright,  
With gentle guiding wand.

Its quiet tick still seems to say,  
“ Though time pass velvet shod,  
It guides the universal round  
Of worlds and souls—for it is found  
Deep in the thought of God ! ”

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

### TICK ! TACK !

Swing, swong ! this is the way  
Goes the pendulum night and day.  
“ Tick ! tock ! tick ! tock ! ”  
Never resting, says the clock.  
“ Time for work and time for fun,  
Time to sleep when day is done.  
Tick ! tock ! ” Hear the clock !  
“ Time to rest each little head ;  
Time the children were in bed.”

Swing, swong ! sure and slow  
Goes the pendulum to and fro.  
“Tick ! tock ! tick ! tock !  
In the morning says the clock.  
“Time to wake from slumber sweet,  
Time to wash and time to eat.  
Tick ! tock.” Hear the clock,  
“Tick, tack, tock !” it cries,  
“Children, it is time to rise !”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was in the Eads kindergarten, one bright morning many years ago, that there came to me my first genuine insight into Froebel's Play of the Clock. At that time Mrs. Hubbard was director of the kindergarten, and her manner of playing Froebel's games always helped me to interpret them. I used to watch her very closely, for it occurred to me that from her intuitions might be deduced general principles which would be helpful to all kindergartners. She had so disciplined her body by suitable exercises that it was the pliant instrument of her will. Her voice and manner were quiet, and her whole personality suggested repose in the midst of energy. Her gestures were never vague and unmeaning, but really definitions of thought through movement. She never allowed a number of children to stand idle on the circle while a few played in the center, but invariably found some way of en-

listing the activity of all in each game. Thus, if five or six children were flying birds, those on the circle became trees; if the few were butterflies, the many were flowers; if the few were fishes, the many became a flowing stream or an undulating lake. But the feature, of what for want of a better term I must call her method, which most impressed me was her complete identification of the little players with the persons or objects whose activities they imitated. Were the children, for example, playing carpenters and playing carelessly, she would never say to them "You are not planing or sawing as the carpenter does," but "I am afraid I shall have to get better carpenters to build my house." Children who failed in the rhythmic swing of the arms and legs which represented the pendulums were clocks out of order and needing repair. Tiny tots who found the flying movement difficult were consoled by the suggestion that of course baby birds couldn't fly so fast or so far as the mamma bird, but they mustn't mind, for their wings would soon be stronger. All who have watched the spontaneous play of little children know that its characteristic mark is precisely this merging of their own identity in the being of the

object represented. Thus a little girl who was playing the part of a robin mother and tenderly feeding imaginary nestlings with imaginary worms became not only pale, but breathless and palpitating with terror at her own mother's rather thoughtless suggestion of an approaching cat. Nor was her equanimity restored until she had transformed the robin into a farmer who, as she eagerly explained, was not afraid of cats.

But to return to the Clock Play. I had gone bright and early to the Eads kindergarten, for I wished to see the opening exercises, of which Froebel's game of the Tick-Tack was a daily feature. As I entered the room the children were rising to play it. A moment later a little girl followed me, and seemed about to greet the director and children when the opening strains of the Tick-Tack melody transformed her into a clock. I looked around; there were no children in the room, nothing but animated clocks—arms, legs, bodies swaying to the rhythm of the song. They were children again when the game was finished, but the spontaneous punctuality and exactness of all their work proved that they were children who had developed a clock consciousness. Then I said to myself, Froebel is

right, and to imitate the activity of any object is to become yourself the object you imitate.

In my letter on the Weathervane I tried to show you that imitation is the child's first way of getting back of phenomena to their causes, or, differently stated, his first way of explaining the world in which he finds himself. But this interpretation of environment is only one aspect of the function of imitation, and I want you now to consider its other aspect and to realize that it is by and through imitation that the child begins to create himself.

Have you ever thought how strange it is that the baby knows himself first as an object like any other, calling himself as he calls other things by a particular name, tugging to pull off his leg as he pulls off his stocking? Have you realized that it is only in contrast with a plurality of objects that he discriminates himself as *I*, or universal subject, and "rounds into a separate mind?" Have you ever pondered the fact that each new experience teaches us something about ourselves we did not know, that every natural scene, every human relationship, every book we read, every picture we see, every song we hear, reveals to us some power or some defect in ourselves? In a story whose name I have

entirely forgotten, the heroine gives as her reason for wanting to travel that until she has seen the whole world there will be something about herself she does not know. This remark has mingled itself in my consciousness with Whitman's poem of the child who became the objects he looked upon,\* with Mr. Alcott's orphic saying that man is omnipresent and lies all about himself, and with the puzzling metaphysical statement that the world is mind turned inside out. The precipitate I get from this compound solution is that the contents of mind

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\* There was a child went forth one day,  
And the first object that he looked upon, that object he became,  
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,  
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.  
The early lilacs became part of this child,  
And grass, and white and red morning glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phoebe bird,  
And the apple trees covered with blossoms, and the fruit afterward; and woodberries and the commonest weeds by the road,  
And the schoolmistress that passed on her way to the school  
And the friendly boys that passed, and the quarrelsome boys,  
And the tidy and fresh-cheeked girls, and the barefoot negro boy and girl,  
And all the changes of city and country wherever he went.

WALT WHITMAN.

are ideas, and that could we turn mind inside out and, as it were, spill its contents without destroying their order, the result would be the display of all possible ideas as separate objects in an articulated system. Such an outpouring of the divine mind is the universe; only as he becomes its mirror does man have ideas of his own, and only as he possesses ideas does he achieve concrete individuality or true personality. Opposed to this true personality is the natural or abstract self which is simply a plastic energy molding experiences into a specific form. Obviously, therefore, the concrete individuality will be rich or poor in proportion to the range of experience, and it is literally true that until we know the universe we can neither be nor know our real selves.

With insight into the truth that the progress of mind is from object to subject, from the world to the self, we get new light on the significance of imitation. The child makes himself into a weather-vane, a clock, a bird. This means that he makes over these objects into himself. Notice, moreover, that since he imitates the activities of these objects he defines and assimilates not their outer semblance, but their informing idea. Through imitation he

penetrates from the sensuous fact to its producing energy, and produces in himself a reflection of this energy. Thus it is that by imitating the rhythmic utterance of the clock, and the rhythmic swing of the pendulum, he begins on the one hand to understand the nature of the clock as a measurer of time, and on the other to develop in himself those ideals of order and punctuality which are the soul's practical responses to time measurement.

You must be getting tired of my repeated insistence upon the fact that the Mother-Play singles out for imitation objects and actions which have both an allurement for all children and a general educative value. It is superfluous to give illustrations of the fascination of the clock, but you will learn much of the nature of mind by considering its source. This source is a life veiled in mystery, and expressing itself in rhythm. All mystery quickens the imagination; a rhythmic mystery stirs it profoundly because of "a certain remote kinship with the form of our soul activity." To define the tie between rhythm and spiritual activity will be to understand the allurement of the clock, but before attempting such a definition I want to sug-

gest to you a sufficient number of related facts to awaken a premonition of the reason imbedded in all.

Why do children love rhythmic games? Why do youths and maidens delight in dance and song? Why "does the sailor work better for his yo-heave-o," and the "soldier march better and fight better for the trumpet and drum?" Why were the first dances regularly repeated leaps, the first poetry metrical chants, the first musical instruments those which marked off or measured sound? Why can we speak of a scale of color and define architecture as frozen music? Why do we feel that in a very deep and true sense music is the soul of all the arts? Why do we cherish Job's thought of morning stars singing together for joy, and cling to the Pythagorean conception of the music of the spheres? These questions are answered by reflecting that art is the self-revelation of spirit, and hence that all its products must bear the image of consciousness which is the distinctive characteristic of spirit. Consciousness is "the knowing of the self by the self." This implies an annulled distinction between subject and object. Such an annulled distinction is identity, and the ever-repeated move-

ment from distinction to identification can be described by no better word than rhythm. Hence all rhythmic movements and all rhythmic sounds may be translated into the tireless affirmation *I am I*. What rhythm is to the arts of movement and sound, proportion or visible rhythm is to architecture, sculpture, and painting. Finally, since the world is the self-revelation of the divine mind, it too is a work of art into which the supreme Artist has breathed his own life. Quickened by this insight, I remember with strange pleasure that the very word rhythm points by its derivation to the undulating stream. The swaying grass, the waving wheat, the rhythmic flight of the bird, the accordant colors of flowers, touch me with new emotion. I find deeper meaning in "the primal chimes of sun and shade, of sound and echo." I picture to myself the mazy courses of the stars and their harmoniously proportioned periods. I behold the "dance of Nature forward and far," and hear the very "atoms marching to tune." At last I learn from science that "the flux of power is eternally the same, that it rolls in music through the ages, and that all terrestrial energy, the manifestations of life as well as the display of phenomena, are but

the modulations of its rhythm." \* Then my soul is filled with mystic awe, and in the ceaseless pulsations of persistent energy I read the cosmic proclamation of that great name by which God revealed himself to his ancient people—Jehovah—the absolute and eternal I Am.

And so the infant, a rhythmic soul in a rhythmic body, is born into a rhythmic universe. Strange indeed would it be if he gave no signs of the universal impulse, or if simple mother-wit had failed to detect and respond to his intimations. That there has been no such failure is proved by nursery games like Pat-a-cake and Shoe the Mare, by the gentle pats and strokes which soothe the restless baby, by the song which lulls him to sleep, by the dancing and dandling to which he responds with gleeful laugh. Almost equally strange would it be had Froebel omitted to notice either the hint of the child or the response of the mother, or had he failed to elicit and apply the educational principle latent in their joint suggestion. He vindicates our reasonable demand upon his insight by calling attention in the Education of Man to the maternal procedure, by explaining that through rhythmic

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\* The Idea of God, John Fiske, p. 146.

movements the child is made to feel his own inner life, and by insisting that the development of such movements increases harmony of character, diminishes wilfulness and coarseness, fosters firmness and moderation, and awakens appreciation of Nature and art.\* He vindicates our demand upon him as a practical educator by creating his Mother-Plays and his kindergarten games with their threefold rhythm.†

In this connection it seems to me important to ask Helen if she has consciously faced a question upon whose answer depends the direction in which kindergarten games shall hereafter develop. Some kindergartners are beginning to feel that no game should have a fixed form, and a few even question whether there should be any fixed games. It is suggested that each day should evolve its own plays, and that these should be the joint product of kindergartner and children. Under this hypothesis the rhythmic form of the games tends to disappear, as does also their association with definite poems and

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\* Education of Man, Hailmann's translation, pp. 69, 70, 218, 219.

† See Pedagogies of the Kindergarten, Miss Jarvis's translation, pp. 286-285.

melodies. Thus far the movement in this direction is a vague and shifting one; indeed, it is rather a tendency than a movement. It seems to me a dangerous tendency. I believe that the prototype of the kindergarten game is not the capricious play of the individual child, but the traditional ring, dance, and representative game of which King William, Oats, Peas, Beans, and the Mulberry Bush are familiar illustrations; and the original games of analogous type produced by a group of playing children as described by Froebel in the Pedagogics of the Kindergarten. I believe that it is dangerous to invade the realm of the spontaneity of the child by introducing into the kindergarten the type of play ordinarily determined by the free self-impulsion of individual children. The value of such plays depends upon their very caprice and arbitrariness. It is because in them the child exercises his powers according to his natural proclivities that they develop his individuality. Mothers and kindergartners should carefully observe such plays in order that they may understand the children committed to their care. They should refuse to tamper with them because all mature interference tends to destroy their spontaneity. They belong not to the

kindergarten, but to the nursery and the play-ground. Their introduction into the kindergarten, and above all their guidance by the kindergartner, is not an extension of the child's freedom, but a dangerous attack upon it. The traditional game, on the contrary, is an expression not of the particular child, but of universal childhood. Its subject-matter is generally suggestive, sometimes questionable, occasionally pernicious. Its poetic form is nearly always bad. Froebel seized upon the traditional game, caught the hint suggested by its recurrent subjects, eliminated its objectionable features, recognized the charm of music, poetry, and measured movement, and thus created the kindergarten plays. Ask Helen to give these thoughts her serious consideration. Then, if she allows herself to be borne along upon the stream of present tendency she will at least know whither she is going.

From these byways of thought I return to the clock, the secret of whose fascination I hope you now clearly understand. Its swinging pendulum is the visible image of our oscillating consciousness, its monotonous tick-tack-tick an audible symbol of our self-repelling, self-attracting ego. No wonder

the child wants to know what it says. No wonder that Froebel translates its rhythmic utterance into the call to lead a rhythmic life. A time to wash, and a time to eat; a time to play, and a time to sleep! Out of the chaos of the infant consciousness the four great events of his daily life emerge as points of light, and with their dimmest recognition he begins inwardly to order his thought, and outwardly to order his doings.

My sensitive consciousness of the adverse critic makes me anticipate a protest even from you. What need of Froebel or his song of the clock? Everybody knows that "order is heaven's first law," and every sensible mother tries with all her might to make *her* children orderly. Far be it from me to question either assertion. Were order not a universal law Froebel would not have concerned himself with it. Did sensible mothers not try to make their children orderly he would scarcely have endeavored to rouse *all* mothers to the same effort. Perhaps, however, he may have noticed a tendency to force order upon the child instead of developing it from him; perhaps he may have recognized that while no good habit is formed without struggle, struggle itself should be the spon-

taneous answer of the soul to spiritual allurement; perhaps, therefore, he may have imagined that the charm of the clock might be consciously used as a means of wakening the ideal of order, and through this ideal inciting the effort necessary to form habits of order.

A rigidly enforced order tends to produce an inward recoil of the soul against order. Froebel's ideal is to stir the child's soul with premonitions of the importance of order, and of the beauty of order, and through these premonitions nerve him to the conflict with indolence and wayward impulse which the habit of order implies.

The conversation between mother and child in the commentary is a further appeal to the sympathies stirred by the play. The child wants mamma to show him a picture, but it is his time for the afternoon bath. So the mother points him to his kitten, who is smoothing her fur as if expecting welcome visitors, reminds him that papa will soon be home and will want to find his darling neat and clean. The child must deny himself the picture-book, but if the self-denial is to have any educative value it must be voluntary. Moreover, the motive of giving pleasure to papa lifts

mere punctuality into an act of loving consideration.

After this conversation Froebel makes what seems at first sight a digression from the subject of punctuality to that of cleanliness. A little reflection, however, shows us that there is an intimate tie between the two virtues. Punctuality is order in time. The unpunctual man is always where he should not be. Cleanliness is order in space. Un-cleanliness puts matter out of place. It belongs to the ground, not to the human body. From the thought of physical cleanliness the commentary rises to that of a clean heart. In the Tick-Tack Song also, Froebel suggests a connection between orderly activity and spiritual purity. It is easy to develop his idea. You should have risen at half-past six, and you indolently lie in bed until seven. You hurry to be ready for breakfast. In your haste you tear a garment, burst off an important button, or produce some other irritating catastrophe. Already nervous, you enter the breakfast room ten minutes behind time, to find the other members of the household disarranged by your tardiness. Your husband mentions that he will be late for an important business engagement. The children are

hurried off to school, and are fretful in consequence. There is no time for the pleasant amenities of a family breakfast. During the morning household work is indifferently performed, and your servants are quick to blame the late breakfast. You begin to feel it is hard that you can't once in a while take a morning nap without so much direct and indirect reproach. You are getting into a bad temper. Then comes the unexpected strain and you are betrayed into some act of passion, self-love meantime asserting stoutly that you are ill used. Evidently your inner cosmos is falling into primeval chaos; there is no light or order in your spiritual world—nothing but a tumult of colliding emotions.

It is well, however, to remember that procrastination is not the only, perhaps not even the worst, thief of time. To overcrowd time is as disastrous as to empty it. To steal for one purpose time which rightly belongs to another is to defeat all true purposes. How many men steal the breakfast hour to read the newspaper! How many men and women steal for work the hours which belong to sleep, and then to avoid physical bankruptcy steal for sleep the hours which belong to recrea-

tion! In how many families are the cords of affection strained and broken because there is no time for participation in simple joys or for kindly sympathy in petty woes! How many men by persistent thefts from the hours which belong to sleep, to meals, and to recreation, steal years from their allotted period of life! Reminding yourself of these commonplace facts, you will realize that we never outgrow the need of the clock's call to a rhythmic life, and that not only for your children, but for their busy mother it is important to have "*a time to wash and a time to eat, a time to sleep and a time to play.*" Ordered time means serenity, power, self-command, liberty. Slothfulness, procrastination, and overwork recoil upon some natures by periods of morbid depression, and expose others to the danger of being tossed about by gusts of passion as the rudderless ship is tossed on the stormy sea.

A quick-witted maiden of my acquaintance defends her boredom in the society of a dull admirer by remarking, with a yawn, that his thought has only chronological connections. Her remark has a general application, for there is no surer test of either a stupid or an uncultivated person than the

absence from consciousness of all relations save those of time and place. Coleridge calls our attention to Shakespeare's humorous portrayal of this characteristic in the narratives of illiterate persons, and gives as an illustration "the easy yielding Mrs. Quickly's relation of the circumstances of Sir John Falstaff's debt to her."

"*Falstaff*. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?"

"*Host*. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money, too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at a round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me Gossip Quickly?—coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound, etc."

While it indicates a lack of culture to empha-

size merely local and temporal connections, the fact that objects and events recur in memory united with their original accompaniments in time and space suggests that the reaction of order upon intellect is no less important and beneficial than its reaction upon emotion, and that to have a time and place for everything, and everything in its time and place, is to begin the preparation of the mind for logical thinking. Hence Froebel only realizes our expectations when to the Clock Song, which deals with the organization of time, he adds the plays of the Bird's Nest, the Pigeon House, and Numbering the Fingers, illustrating in the two former the order or relativity of objects in space, and pointing in the latter to the organization of space through the mastery of number. From these initial forms of order he rises to the order of rhythmic games and regulated productive activity. In the use of his gifts he insists upon obedience to two fundamental rules, the first of which is that in each exercise the child shall recognize and respect the relationship of whole and parts; the second that he shall develop each new form from its predecessor. Obviously, the one rule rests upon the principle of unity or relativity in space, the other

upon the principle of evolution or connectedness in time. The so-called Froebelian law of the Mediation of Opposites in its most frequent application is simply a recognition of æsthetic order and unity as illustrated upon the plane of development which has advanced beyond simple repetition to the recognition of correspondence. Just as peoples in a low stage of æsthetic culture insist upon making the human form symmetrical by matching the face on the front side of the head with a face at the back, and the arms directed forward with arms directed backward, so the young child constructs "forms of beauty" by consciously applying within proper limits the principles of symmetry.\* Finally, alike through intercourse with kindergartner and comrades, and through games symbolizing the family, civil society, state, and church, the young soul is stirred with premonitions of social order and its correlative idea, social responsibility.

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\* It is, I hope, needless to explain that no intelligent disciple of Froebel claims for such symmetrical figures any great æsthetic merit. The claim urged in their behalf is the psychologic one that they represent the stage of æsthetic development reached alike by little children and primitive peoples, and that the mind must climb through symmetry in order to reach the higher plane of culture which creates and enjoys harmony.

In connection with the thought of social order it is interesting to remember that it is really the parent both of punctuality and the clock. The savage lives a detached and timeless life. Mr. Drummond relates that when he went to Africa he "was innocent enough to include a watch among the presents which he took with him to propitiate the native chiefs." He adds that he "might as well have taken a grand piano, for the idea of time has scarcely penetrated the African intellect, and forms no element whatever in its calculations. In the morning the native rises suddenly from the ground where he has lain like a log all night. Often he neither washes nor eats. His sole industry is to grow millet, and apart from the little time given to this rough tillage his only occupation is to talk." With this timeless existence contrast the measured days of civilized man, and you will not only realize the relationship between social organization and the clock, but will be more than ever anxious to cultivate in Harold a prompt and sympathetic obedience to its call, as well as to the summons of the musical gong, which by announcing meals regulates the order of family duties, to the school bell, the church bell, and all the other sig-

nals whereby our complex corporate life is measured and harmonized.

Punctuality is essentially a social virtue. To be tardy is to be selfish and inconsiderate. By awakening in children a recognition of this truth we dignify the effort to be punctual and make it one means of forming an unselfish character.

Another message for Helen! One of the greatest needs of the kindergarten is a well-balanced division of time. Many questions will have to be settled before it can be made. What amount of time should be given to general opening exercises, to stories, to talks? How long may little children be expected to concentrate their attention on productive exercises? How long may they safely use their eyes for sewing, weaving, folding? How long is it well to stand on the circle? How long may they sing without strain to their voices? What is the relative value of the different kindergarten exercises? How many times during the morning do the children need entire relaxation? These are only a few of the problems which suggest themselves for careful consideration. Upon success in solving them will depend in great measure the edu-

cational outcome of the child's experience in the kindergarten.

Unless I am much mistaken only one question remains to be touched upon before we dismiss the Clock Song, considered in its first aspect as a point of departure for child nurture. You must have noticed in Froebel's commentary that he seems not fully satisfied with the several explanations of the clock's allurement given in his third paragraph, and expresses his conviction that the delight of children in watching; imitating, and making time-pieces springs from a dim presentiment of the importance of time itself. In my own judgment the different explanations apply to different periods of development. The mysterious life in the clock, its rhythmic utterance, its oscillating pendulum, attract the young child. A dawning sense of the importance of time, explains the boy's love of making time-pieces. There are three ascending stages of interest in the clock. The baby watches it, the young child imitates it, the boy tries to make it. In other words, the baby feels the allurement of rhythm; the child through imitation develops a rhythmic consciousness; the boy aspires to create the instrument which makes possible a rhythmic

life. In the picture accompanying the Tick-Tack Song, several children are shown setting up a clock of their own manufacture. It would seem natural that the soul which begins early to assert its mastery over Nature should strive to subdue and order time. These moments always coming, always going, how shall the boy catch them, count them, measure them? The clock accomplishes these feats. Could he then make the clock he would be mastering and ordering time, and so mastering and ordering his own life.

Since both you and I believe that child nurture implies self-culture, and since we recognize that the intimations of child life waken in the souls of devout mothers problems whose solution taxes the power of the deepest thinkers, I dare not bring this letter to a close without putting into words a question which has been ringing through my mind all the time I have been writing it. We have recognized as the source of the clock's allurement the correspondence of rhythmic sound and vibratory motion with the perpetual oscillation of thought between subject and object. I must now ask you to reflect that time itself is this same pulsation. We talk of infinite time; we picture time as a never-

ending line. In truth, however, time is a series of points; a succession of moments, only one of which is ever real; an actual *now*, trembling between a past and a future, both of which *are not*. What is this strange thing we call time, this ever-vanishing, ever-reappearing point; this ever-dying, ever-living moment; this self-repelling, self-attracting unit; this "eternal flight from the alone to the alone?"

I think our wrestle with the paradox of time begins earlier than most of us imagine, and that the reason we ignore the prescient anticipations of childhood and youth is because in maturity we incontinently dismiss the enigma without solving it. Whoever finds its solution will become aware of its haunting presence from the dawn of his conscious thought. Have you forgotten your perplexity over Grimm's story of the king who questioned how many seconds there were in eternity, and your dissatisfaction with the answer of the sage little shepherd boy? Did you never grapple with the paradox of the tortoise and the swift-footed Achilles? Did you feel no strange thrill when you first learned that looking up at the nightly heavens we behold the distant stars, not as they are, but as they were

long ages ago? Have you never read with baffled amazement sayings like that of the Cherubic Pilgrim:

“The rose which here thine eye externally doth see  
Hath blossomed thus in God from all eternity.”

And when in your ardent youth you pored over Sartor Resartus, did nothing in your inmost self respond to its challenge to “sweep away the Illusion of Time,” to its assurance that so doing “you should know this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof to be in very deed the star-domed city of God,” should realize that “through every star, through every grass blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams?”

Knowing you, I am sure that these memories of my soul will stir echoes in yours, and I shall therefore not forbear the effort to show you the insights in which they seem to me to find their vindication and their solution.

The maxim of science that objects must be studied in their history applies no less to things of thought than to things of sense. To trace the original evolution of any great insight is to begin

to understand it. In a minor degree it is helpful to know how any individual learns to rethink an already known truth. So I intend to be biographical, and my hope is that by retracing the broken and winding path by which I plodded toward insight into the true nature of time I may help you to see what I see. Since, moreover, time and space are but different phases of a single mental act, I shall not attempt to separate them in relating my reminiscences.

My first genuine insight was into the revolutionary truth which, as everybody knows, is the burden of Kant's message to the world. Experience is partial and contingent. Therefore, no ideas possessing the marks of universality and necessity can have been thence derived. Space and time are both universal and necessary ideas; universal or infinite, because they can be bounded only by themselves; necessary, because they are the pre-suppositions of all experience. Since they are not derivable from experience, they must be given in the constitution of the mind itself. There is no other alternative.

Never shall I forget the afternoon when this insight first broke upon me, but I will not imitate

Mrs. Quickly and expand this already long letter by relating the external setting of an intensive experience. I will only say that I was listening to a lecture, and that I had heard the very same lecture just a week before without perceiving in it any real meaning. The light seemed to flash upon me all at once, though I now feel sure it had been slowly dawning during the days which elapsed between the two lectures. My first consciousness was that I stood upon a new plane of thought, and that henceforth my entire mental landscape must take on a changed aspect. My next thought was that I had found an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast. Up to this time I had held myself to faith in spiritual realities by an effort of will, but I knew that in its inmost citadel my soul was without secure defenses. Again and again I had said to myself: "Things seem to me to be thus or so, but how can I be sure they will not seem quite different to-morrow?" My thought, chameleon-like, changed its color with every book I read, every sermon I heard, every discussion in which I bore a part, above all with every deep experience either of sorrow or joy. In a word, "dream delivered me to dream, and there was no end to illusion." But

from the moment I really understood that there were universal and necessary ideas, and that they were indigenous to the soul, I knew once for all that there was a land of pure delight, a realm of thought wherein all was light, peace, assurance, and permanence.

There is a new birth of the intellect as well as a new birth of the heart, and it gives one feelings very like those of a religious convert. Whoever has experienced this mental regeneration knows that no matter how many thinkers have possessed and described the insight which transforms his mind, and no matter how often he may have read or heard such descriptions, the vision when it comes is as new as if no spiritual eye had ever gazed upon it. The visible world is created afresh for each newborn child, the spiritual world is a "fresh divine improvisation" to every regenerate thinker. His solitary bliss is, however, soon enhanced by the consciousness that he is admitted as member into the church invisible. He pictures to himself the victorious thinkers who across the ages have flashed to each other electric messages from the mountain peaks of thought. He is inwardly aware that if he will forsake the easy plain and climb the peak,

he too may behold the unrolling panorama of the universe.

For some years I was more interested in the general fact that all universal and necessary truths were constitutive forms of mind than in the relationship of this fact to the ideas of space and time. Of course, if time and space were forms of thought, then idealism was true, and we were denizens of a spiritual cosmos. I admitted this truth, but my recognition of it was lifeless and inert. Meantime I was thinking much about self-activity. All Froebelians talked about it. Few of them seemed to know just what they meant by it. I perceived that it was exhibited in ascending degrees by plant, animal, man. I became aware of the fact that these ascending degrees were characterized by a progressive diminution in the power of environment. I comprehended that in its highest potency as pure thought self-activity was also self-environment; that it originated, impelled, sustained, and developed its own processes, and that in so doing it was forever realizing and fulfilling itself. Finally, it became clear to me on the one hand that being the *highest*, thought must also be the *parent* form of all self-active processes, and on

the other that the so-called "forms of thought" must not be conceived as static molds into which sense-impressions were somehow poured, but as greater or small cycles of organizing energy.

The several insights I have described were reinforced by a gradual recognition of the process through which the mind ascends from perception to conception. It is commonly said that language is the criterion of the human as distinguished from the animal soul. It is also generally recognized that language deals not with particular but with general objects, actions, and relations. The noun man includes men of all races, colors, and conditions; the verb to love is used to express all varieties of this universal passion; the prepositions above, below, refer to all particular examples of these general relationships. We call our recognition of such general classes of objects, acts, and relations concepts, in contradistinction to percepts which are identifications of particulars as belonging to these classes. What I now came to see was that our knowledge of concepts or general classes arises through an act of introspection wherein the mind contemplates its own activity in recalling a sense-perception. We know that we can mentally revive

any given perception, that we can repeat this process at will, and thus produce an indefinite series of images each of which resembles all the others. Projecting this mental experience we infer that back of the particular objects perceived by sense must be generic activities which are their causes or creators, and recognize each object as one product of an ancestral energy whose possible offspring are infinite in number but similar in kind. Hence the word rose means really rose-producing energy; the words plant and animal mean plant- and animal-producing energies; the word man means man-producing energy; the common noun in each case referring to an active cause which generates particular images of its own ideal. Smaller circles of causal energy are differentiations of larger ones, the rose-producing energy, for example, being a specification of the more general plant-producing energy. Finally, just as particular objects are mere manifestations of causal energy, and lesser causal energies differentiations of greater ones, so all causal energies are specifications of one inclusive and transcendent energy, and the movement of thought from objects to classes, from smaller to larger classes, from all particular classes to the gen-

eral concept of force, and from the concept of force to its definition as creative thought is simply a vortical descent into the abyss of its own being, or, better, its vortical ascent into the divine mind.\*

This new insight began to associate itself with an image. I pictured the moon revolving on her axis, while at the same time performing her circuit around the earth; the earth in turn making her diurnal revolution, while, bearing along the tethered moon, she circled around the sun; the sun, sweeping through space, while with him journeyed his whole retinue of planets and their attendant satellites, innumerable solar systems moving in complex curves around some unknown center of the universe. Surely these "circles of the heavens correspond to the circles of intellect," are indeed the visible symbols of divine thought which at once transcends and includes all smaller cycles of causation in its infinite sweep. Surely, too, the human mind through retracing these ascending and widening circles frees itself from the thrall-dom of sense, and learns to rethink the thought of God.

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\* See *Psychologic Foundations of Education*, pp. 190-197.

If you have followed the narrative of my mental experiences you will be ready for the synthesis I shall now try to make. I had learned that the mind possessed universal and necessary ideas, that such ideas were really plastic energies, and that in proportion to their recognition was our discovery of the truth of the external world. It seemed to me very wonderful that only by withdrawal from sense could sensible phenomena be explained, and that in the "abyssal depths of our own personality" we should discover the secret of objective processes. I began to understand that mind was one and indivisible; that in so far as we possessed it we were partakers of divine activity; that universal and necessary ideas were the ideas of God, and that our discovery of them was his revelation. Caird's Philosophy of Religion fell into my hands, and I read that "thought is the blank form of an infinite content." The *blank* form of thought could mean nothing but the energy of thought apart from its specific contents. The characteristic of this energy was consciousness, and consciousness was the distinction of the self from the self, the recognition of the self by the self. This self-distinction and self-identification must, therefore, be the infinite cycle

within which all lesser cycles revolved. The statement that space and time were forms of thought began to mean something to me. Amiel's Journal helped me by the suggestion that "space and time were dispersion, mind concentration, that in the state of thought the universe occupies but a single point, while in the state of dispersion and analysis this thought requires the heaven of heavens for its expansion." "God," it was added, "is outside time because he thinks all thought at once. Nature is within time, because she is only speech, the discursive unfolding of each thought contained within the divine thought." The resemblance of space to that phase of consciousness which distinguishes the self from the self dawning upon me, and just when I was ready for the message I read in Dr. Harris's Logic of Hegel the statement that "everywhere in space the point is outside of every other point, but each point is unreal. Only the separation of points is real, the points themselves are unreal in space." \* What were these unreal points with their real separation but an affirmation of the form of consciousness without its content? the "self perfectly empty outside the self as per-

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\* See Dr. Harris, Hegel's Logic, p. 265.

fefully empty"? And, again, what was that "self-repulsion of the point," which we call time, if not the other phase of personality, the "identification of the self by the self which completes the act of consciousness"? Infinite space, infinite time, were they anything but the ceaseless swing of the pendulum of divine thought, the primal revolution of "the wheel on which all beings ride"?

Empty space and time of their contents and you have the blank mold of divine consciousness. Fill both with the infinite universe and you have that consciousness in its concrete realization. View the universe under the form of space and it appears as an articulated whole, a living organism, "which is all symmetry, full of proportions," and wherein "each part may call the farthest brother." View it under the form of time, and it becomes a great musical drama, enacting in swift rushing scenes the ascent from chaos through matter, motion, star dust, revolving spheres, organic life, and human institutions, to the blessedness of the archetypal church. View it under the form of eternity, which is the form of thought, and it shines forth a structural system of divine ideas, a perpetual

revelation of divine love. Always complete, always renewed, it merges past and future in one concrete eternal moment. All that has been persists, all that shall be is. The first second of eternity never passes. The archetypal rose blossoms forever.

“There past, present, future shoot  
Triple blossoms from one root.  
Substances at base divided  
In their summits are united.  
There the holy essence rolls,  
One, through separated souls;  
And the sunny æon sleeps,  
Folding Nature in its deeps.”

Dear friend, I have seen something, and I have tried to tell you what I saw, but I can not make the vision stand out in words as it stands out in my mind. If, however, you have caught my hints, you know at least that Jehovah is not the true name of God. His higher name is Father. His highest name is Love. The rhythmic undulations of persistent force are his lowest self-revelation. His higher revelation is the concrete universe, his highest revelation the being made in his own image, his perfect image one who said: “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” Supply with your

thought the defects in mine. Confirm my vision by beholding it, heighten my joy by sharing it, fortify by your mental regeneration my hope of a time when all men shall seek that piety of the intellect which is no less essential to true living than piety of the heart and will.

## LETTER VI.

### THE REVELATION TO SENSE.

#### TASTE SONG.

As each new life is given to the world,  
The senses—like a door that swings two ways—  
Stand ever 'twixt its inner, waiting self  
And that environment with which its lot  
Awhile is cast.

A door that swings two ways :  
Inward at first it turns, while Nature speaks,  
To greet her guest and bid him to her feast,  
And tell him of all things in her domain,  
The good or ill of each, and how to use ;  
Then outward, to set free an answering thought.  
And so, swift messages fly back and forth  
Without surcease—until, behold ! she, who  
Like gracious host received a timid guest,  
Owns in that guest at length her rightful lord,  
And gladly serves him, asking no reward !

This parable, dear mother, is for you,  
Whom God has made his steward for your child.  
All Nature is a unit in herself,  
Yet but a part of a far greater whole.  
Little by little you may teach your child  
To know her ways, and live in harmony  
With her ; and then, in turn, help him through her  
To find those verities within himself,  
Of which all outward things are but the type.  
So when he passes from your sheltering care

To walk the ways of men, his soul shall be  
Knit to all things that are, and still most free !  
And of him shall be writ at last this word,  
"At peace with Nature, with himself, and God."

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

TASTE SONG.

Here's a berry ripe and sweet  
Taste, my darling, taste and eat.

Now this sour fruit instead,—  
Ah ! my baby shakes his head.

Here's an almond, taste it, pet,  
Bitter things we sometimes get.

Bitter, sour, sweet, he tries,  
Tasting makes my baby wise !

Sweets we must not always choose  
Sour, bitter, too, we use.

Fruits unripe we'll let alone  
Till they fully ripe have grown.

EMILIE POULSSON.

DEAR ——: Nowhere in the Mother-Play does the connection between revealing example and principle revealed seem at first sight so obscure as in the Song of Taste. On the one hand we are shown the mother playfully inciting her baby to distinguish between the sweet, the sour, and the bitter; on the other our thought is impetuously hurled toward that eminence from which all material objects are seen to be afire with spirit, and the sensible world is revealed as a bodily and visible gospel. Our inward eyes are too weak to gaze undazzled

upon the view which expands before them, so we shut them tight and declare there is nothing to be seen.

Forget for a while, dear friend, the baffling vision, and sit down humbly and patiently at the feet of your own maternal memories. You have sent me notes affirming that on the fourth day of his life Harold stoutly refused cow's milk diluted with water until a few grains of sugar had made it acceptable to his taste,\* and that aged seven weeks he made a wry face and a gesture of refusal at the mere sight of a bitter medicine,† a single dose of which had previously been given him. You remember your terror at the way he used to pick up pins and carry them into his mouth, and the many devices by which you tried to break up this habit. You know that even when he was seventeen months old he insisted upon tasting the hyacinth you had given him to smell,‡ and you will recall your own delight when, a month later, he began to put the sweet-smelling flower to his

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\* The Senses and the Will, Preyer, p. 124.

† Perez, the First Three Years of Childhood, translated by Alice M. Christie.

‡ The Senses and the Will, Preyer, p. 185.

nose, keeping his mouth meantime tightly shut. You are inwardly aware of the fact that, impelled by instinct, you did all the things which Froebel pictures you as doing, and since I, the mere on-looker, remember, you, the mother, can not have forgotten with what joy you assured yourself by repeated experiments that Harold associated with the words sweet, sour, bitter, the sensations to which they refer.

To interpret your pleasure recall what Froebel says in his commentary on Play with the Limbs, that "developing activity is the oil which feeds the sacred flame of mother love." When Harold refused unsweetened milk it was a sure sign to you that he was sensitive to differences of taste. His wry face at sight of bitter medicine showed that he *remembered* an earlier sensation of taste; while the habit of carrying all things to his month told you that he had begun to use it as a "test organ by which to ascertain the qualities of objects." When he ceased to put sweet-smelling flowers into his mouth you knew that he had learned to distinguish between sensations of smell and sensations of taste, and to refer each to its appropriate organ. Finally, when he responded intelligently to the words sweet,

sour, bitter, he showed you that he had not only discriminated between sensations of taste but also between sensations of sound, and, furthermore, that he had been able to perform the complex mental act of uniting specific sounds with specific tastes.

The outcome of these and kindred experiences must be a suspicion that the sense of taste plays an important part in both mental and moral development, and such a suspicion is abundantly confirmed by the experiments of physiological psychology. According to Professor Preyer, taste is universally the first sense to become discriminative; according to Sigismund it is the first to yield clear perceptions to which memory is attached. Professor Tracy tells us that the pleasures and pains of taste play a large part in the natural education of infancy, and Dr. Hall affirms that the mouth is the first center of psychic life.\*

These statements must not be taken to mean too much. All truly psychic activity implies a conscious exercise of comparison, whereas the infant's reactions to gustatory stimuli are only mimetic reflex movements. On the other hand, since all activity gives a bias to the actor, these reflex movements are

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\* See Tracy, *The Psychology of Childhood*, pp. 21-23.  
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of importance in fixing tendencies of thought, feeling, and will. It has been well said that "every mental phenomenon passes through a graduated ascending series of development. At first the physiological preponderates, consciousness is at its minimum, and the so-called mental phenomenon would be more accurately defined as the reaction of the nervous system to external stimuli or organic conditions. . . . When intellect and will have become sufficiently developed, the child directs his attention to the act, makes it his own, and performs it voluntarily. The process, perhaps, has not changed at all to outward appearance, but when viewed from the inner side it is seen to have been completely *transformed* in character." \* It is the fact that the higher activity is a *transformation*, and not an isolated, detached, and aboriginal beginning which gives importance to the impulses, reflexes, and instincts of infancy and early childhood.

From failure to realize the significance of these facts arise some of the most fatal mistakes of nursery education. By making food a sensual pleasure we betray children into epicurism and gluttony,

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\* Tracy, *The Psychology of Childhood*, p. 6.

and through these create a tendency toward more fatal forms of self-indulgence. False feeding engenders false appetite, and from false appetite springs the habit of intemperate drinking.

Froebel's suggestions with regard to the child's food are as simple as they are radical, and are drawn out of his conception of man as ideally a creative being. Whatever interferes with the realization of this ideal is wrong, what assists it is right. The test of both the quality and quantity of food is: Does it make the child inert or active? If it induces sloth it is setting appetite above energy, and creating a tendency toward vice. We do the child great wrong when we give him too highly seasoned and too delicately seductive food, and when we not only permit but encourage excess in eating. We commit a crime against his soul when by allowing him to be idle we make him the victim of *ennui*, and when the little victim becomes a restless torment seek selfish deliverance from his exactions by giving him something dainty to eat. Above all, we abase his ideal by our bad example, and we shall have to be temperate ourselves before we can hope to form the habit of temperance in children. For the outcome of restricting them while indulging

ourselves is to beget the hope of future sensual enjoyment as a reward of present privation. What we say in effect is: Little children must not eat too much, nor take too sweet or too rich food, but grown people may eat what they choose and as much as they choose. In other words, we hold up to imagination a Mohammedan Paradise where "desire shall be sated with flesh, where fruits grow low so as to be easily gathered, and where heads do not ache from drinking the ever-flowing wine." I suspect that such abasement of the ideal is a more heinous offense than giving the child the dainties which by example we teach him to crave.

In the suggestions thus far considered, and which are given in the Education of Man, there is nothing new. They simply embody truths which we all confess with our lips and deny in our acts. With the Taste Song, however, Froebel becomes original, and as the real import of motto, song, and commentary unfolds in our minds, we shall become aware that they give the point of departure for a true æsthetic culture, just as the All-Gone Song gave the point of departure for a true moral culture.

The play itself is a very simple one. The mother puts into the child's mouth in succession a

plum, a piece of apple, and a bitter almond, and leads him to discriminate their several savors. Later it may be varied by calling on him to guess and name the fruit from its sweet, sour, or bitter taste, and also to name other objects having these savors. When he can quickly recognize the quality, the mother helps him interpret it. What should sweetness tell the child about the sweet object? This: that he must not eat too much of it. What does sourness tell him? That in many cases it is unripe and should not be eaten. What does bitterness tell him? That though it puckers the mouth it is good for the health. The educational points of the game (as you doubtless already perceive) are, first, the conscious exercise of the power of comparison, and, second, the suggestion that all objects have their own language, and in their qualities tell us truly what they are.

It would be folly to suppose that merely from detached and occasional plays any lasting influence could be expected. But you understand, do you not, that each of Froebel's plays initiates a process which you are to continue? The idea in this play is to make the sense of taste your ally in forming the habit of temperance. The Flower Song is another

outcome of the same idea, and the two commentaries must be studied together to get Froebel's full thought. We err in speaking of our inferior senses as enemies to our higher life. Insectivorous plants have no senscs, yet they often give themselves indigestion and sometimes kill themselves by overfeeding. The truth is that in their original and unperverted state taste and smell warn man against the very excesses into which superficial thought assumes that they betray him. "Taste is an outpost of the whole system, for enabling it to assimilate the beneficial and reject the harmful," and of smell it has been well said that "it is placed at the entrance to the respiratory organs like a watchman." \* How many boys would avoid the vice of smoking if they interpreted and obeyed the warning given in nausea? How many sensuous excesses of all kinds would be impossible if men and women heeded the deterrent suggestions of languor and faintness? How helpful to the child's development might we make his senses if we could only teach him in the beginning of life to understand their speech and hearken to their precepts!

Be alert, therefore, to notice all Harold's child-

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\* Dewey's Psychology, pp. 60-62.

ish incontinencies, and to show him that you are repelled by them. Make him aware and ashamed of the indolence which follows upon gluttony. Teach him that certain savors are saying to him "Eat not," and certain odors "Smell not." Show him that the warnings of smell and taste are reinforced by warnings to other senses. Thus the apple's greenness and hardness tell the same story as its sourness, and the melancholy hues of many poisonous plants confirm the suggestion of their repellent odors. Impress upon your boy that he should consciously use his senses to find out the real nature of objects. Quicken in him the assurance that no object can be internally different from what it shows itself to be in the totality of its attributes, and that specific qualities always mean a specific type of character. Above all, make him ashamed of needing the recurrent experience of bad effects to convince him of the evils of indulgence. Having really learned, for example, that sweetness says "enjoy moderately," he should never permit himself an immoderate indulgence in sweets.

You have doubtless noticed that while the Taste Song is limited to distinctions of savor, the motto suggests the ideal function of all sensation, and

the commentary proposes a general plan for training the senses. This plan is further illustrated in the commentary on the Flower Song, and the two commentaries taken together are a frank confession of Froebel's idealistic creed, a candid statement of its educational implications, and a striking illustration of his fidelity to the truths of self-activity and freedom. His aim is to make the child master of himself. He can not be satisfied with merely giving children simple food, but will have them choose it. It is not enough for him to restrain children. He will have them self-restraining. He is not content with even voluntary self-restraint when its motive is blind faith in mother or kindergartner, but craves for the free soul the self-coercion of an inwardly impelling ideal. Therefore, he will spare no pains in teaching the child to compare, discriminate, and select, and will daily seek to free him from the seductions of appetite by putting in his hands a clew to the revelations of sense.

The training begun by conscious distinctions between savors and deliberate refusals to follow appetite when warned by sense is continued by Froebel in an attempt to develop a clear consciousness of the several sensuous spheres and of the elementary

sensations within each sphere. As in the Taste Song he incites the baby to distinguish the sweet from the sour and both from the bitter, so in the Flower Song he directs attention to the odors of flowers, and seeks to make the child conscious of their hortatory and deterrent suggestions. In the Finger Piano he teaches us how we may abet the natural effort to distinguish sensations of sound, while through countless exercises with the kindergarten gifts he stimulates the senses of touch and sight by contrasts of pressure, color, form, dimension, and position. As soon as there is recognition of contrasting extremes, the child is led to notice the transitions by which they are connected, and the development of his aesthetic sense is begun by leading him to choose from among a number of forms, colors, and sounds those which he prefers. Later he is encouraged to make original combinations.

That you may not accuse me of indulging in vague generalities let me remind you of Froebel's suggestions with regard to the development of the color sense. Professor Preyer tells us that most color blindness is the result not of organic defect in the child, but of neglect on the part of parents.

Froebel, as you know, planned to begin education in color with the balls of his first gift. The child learns, for example, to know blue as that in his second ball which differs from his first, and yellow as the something in a third ball which differs from the other two. Supplementing this comparison of objects alike in all respects save color, should be exercises comparing objects different in all respects save color. As soon as colors are readily distinguished they are made a basis for classification—e. g., the rose is red, the forget-me-not blue, the lemon yellow, the grass green. Evidently the mother should not classify objects herself, but lead the child to classify by asking him to find objects like his differently colored balls. When he readily recognizes standard colors he may advance to discrimination of their shades and tints, and from this to the formation of color scales.

Hand in hand with this training in color recognition goes the use of color in sewing, weaving, intertwining, coloring pictures of natural objects—particularly leaves and flowers, and the employment of color in original design, while complementing the double series of discriminative and productive exercises should be the cultivation of taste

through beautifully colored natural objects and pictures.

How far we still are from carrying out Froebel's suggestions I know full well; indeed, I am reminding you of them with the hope that both you and Helen may be aroused to help in realizing his ideal. That something has been achieved, however, I realize when I compare the work done now with that of twenty years ago. In those early days of the kindergarten movement we were told that the child should always choose his own colors for weaving, sewing, etc., and should combine them in any way he wished, and few persons ever thought of restricting the range of choice by limiting it to permissible combinations. Experience soon showed that with such unrestricted freedom the children remained æsthetic savages, and in a period of reaction caused by this discovery many kindergartners tried to improve the taste of their pupils by making selections for them. After the latter plan had been for some time in operation, its results were tested by a well-known supervisor who, visiting a large number of kindergartens, took with her colors of all kinds and asked the children to select and combine those they liked best. The test proved that the

subconscious desire to enter into the *character* of each color, to understand the relationship between different colors, and to obtain with the aid of colors an insight into the nature of light. Color and light, he adds, are again most intimately connected with all that elevates life, because physical light points to the heavenly light to which it owes its being and existence.

Vague and dangerous mysticism, says the critic of Froebel. Vague it may be, dangerous it can not be, since Froebel asks us to do nothing but give the child a careful training in the recognition and use of color. He surely does not mean us to talk about the symbolism of color. If color has any psychic influence it will make itself felt without our aid. Indeed, our speaking of it or of any other symbol would be a profanation of that self-revealing mystery in which the nature of a symbol consists. So those who accept and those who reject symbolism may peacefully pursue the same practical path.

If, however, you will recall the part played by the symbolism of color in sacred and legendary art you will, I think, admit that notwithstanding its artificiality it points to an obscure presentiment of the truth that each color has its spiritual corre-

real preferences of the pupils had not been affected by the artistic combinations selected for them. At present, therefore, the working plan is to offer a number of color combinations, all of which are good, and allow the children to choose from among them. When this plan shall have been perfected by the elimination of colors which young children can not discriminate, by a proportionate use of the several different colors, and by graded exercises in combination which shall always hold up to the child not some remote perfection, but the near next step which he ought to take, this one small phase of the problem of æsthetic education will be approximately solved.

You have doubtless noticed in the commentary to the Flower Song Froebel's statement that in sensation the vital, intellectual, and moral melt into each other, and that it would be difficult to say where the purely physical influence of objects ends, and where their spiritual influence begins. This is no haphazard expression of a fleeting fancy but the deliberate record of a conviction. In the Education of Man, speaking particularly of colors, he affirms that it is by no means their external variety which allures the child, but a deep though

subconscious desire to enter into the *character* of each color, to understand the relationship between different colors, and to obtain with the aid of colors an insight into the nature of light. Color and light, he adds, are again most intimately connected with all that elevates life, because physical light points to the heavenly light to which it owes its being and existence.

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spondence, and exercises some psychic influence. So while putting far away from you all conventional symbols, ask yourself if you do not recognize in different colors the fit expression of different feelings, ideas, and types of character. When you read of Mary, Queen of Scots, preparing for execution by attiring herself in a dress of gleaming red, does it predispose you to believe that her church has been wise in her canonization? Can you picture the scarlet woman of Revelation clad in white? Can you disrobe Raphael's Madonnas of their cerulean garments, or imagine any background which would so enhance their spiritual beauty as the golden light he chooses? Do you find no significance in the fact that Nature meets our uplifted gaze with blue sky and golden sun, while she spreads beneath us expanses of aspiring green and work-a-day brown, and uses her passionate reds only in the occasional flower and the rare jewel, in the vanishing pomps of autumn and the dissolving splendors of sunset and sunrise?

The theory of color which best explains these spiritual intuitions is that of Goethe. He suggests that all color arises through the reciprocal relation of light and darkness. White light seen through a

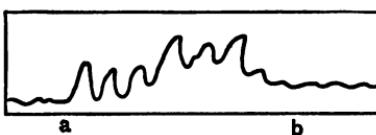
medium that slightly dims it appears yellow. Darker or denser mediums cause it to appear orange or red. Conversely, darkness seen through a strongly illuminated medium becomes light blue in color, while seen through less illuminated mediums it appears indigo or violet. The remaining color, green, is produced by a process which mingles light blue with light yellow, the former being seen through the latter. According to this theory yellow and light blue are the most noble colors, the one being the nearest approximation in color to pure light, the other being the highest illumination of darkness. The former would therefore correspond with the revelation of eternal truth and beauty, the latter with the illumination of all the mysteries of ignorance, sin, and sorrow. Red would suggest the premonitions of truth and beauty *in feeling*, which just because it is obscure is often passionate and evil. Violet would be the color of mystery, while the origin of green hints that it is the symbolic equivalent of hope and aspiration. As a whole this theory confirms our faith that each sensuous incitement has its spiritual correspondence, justifies the procedure of great artists, and awakens in our minds a suspicion that through her wisely

distributed colors loving Nature is seeking to stir our souls in proportionate measure with passion, aspiration, and faith.\*

While color is a universal quality of material things it is not a quality effective of distinction. Classification upon the basis of color is necessarily arbitrary. By it we can neither determine classes

\* In his Larger Psychology (vol. ii, pp. 879, 880), Professor James writes as follows: "The dynamogenic value of colored

No. 1.



No. 2.



*lights* varies with the color. In a subject whose normal strength was expressed by 23, it became 24 when a blue light was thrown upon the eyes, 28 for green, 30 for yellow, 35 for orange, and 42 for red. Red is thus the most exciting color."

Of the accompanying cuts which I borrow from Professor James, No. 1 "shows the way in which the pulse of one subject was modified by the exhibition of a red light lasting from the moment marked *a* to that marked *b*," No. 2 "shows the effects of light upon the breathing of two hysterical patients."

Respiratory curve of  
No. 2 : *a*, with yellow  
light; *b*, with green  
light; *c*, with red  
light. The red has  
the strongest effect.

nor satisfactorily distinguish different objects, for objects of the same class may have different colors, objects of different classes may have the same colors, and objects may change their color without losing their identity.

The distinctive characteristic of material objects is form. We may have a red sphere and a red cube, but the sphere can not lose its curve nor the cube its angles without ceasing to be itself. "An oak," says Ruskin, "is an oak whether green with spring or red with winter; a dahlia is a dahlia whether it be yellow or crimson, and if some monster-hunting botanist should ever frighten the flower blue still it will be a dahlia; but let one curve of the petals, one groove of the stamens, be wanting, and the flower ceases to be the same." Since form is the mark of specific variety it was natural that Froebel should emphasize this quality in his gifts, and since geometrical figures are the archetypes of form it was inevitable that he should use them as the clew to all other forms. Yet it is precisely in this feature of his method that his critics are finding his worst mistakes. Their attack reduces itself upon investigation to two points: first, that it is a psychologic error to "divert the tendency of the child to com-

pare concrete objects with each other and prompt rather the comparison of type forms with individuals; ”\* second, that geometric forms are not beautiful, and that occupation with them gives no æsthetic culture. In reply to the first objection may be urged the fact that the very first valid comparison between two concrete objects must elicit the type form which underlies each, and that it is easier for the mind to make such comparison if the type form be known. The second objection loses much of its weight when we reflect that standards of beauty must vary for the child and the man, and that æsthetic education must seek the level on which the pupil stands, and allure him gradually to higher planes. In Nature crystallization precedes organic life; in history architecture precedes all other arts; in childhood the passion for building is lively and strong. Again, man’s first æsthetic preferences were for simple regularity of form and the early monuments of architecture tended to assume crystalline shapes, as is shown in Egyptian pyramids and obelisks. Winckelmann relates that among the remains of primitive sculpture are three

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\* Relation of the Kindergarten to the Primary School, C. C. Van Liew, Educational Review, February, 1895, p. 180.

large cubes inscribed with the names of the three Graces, and Froebel's allusion to this statement of the great Greek born out of due time shows that it was to him a pregnant suggestion of educational method. In like manner artistic design began with regularly repeated lines and figures, and only gradually advanced to reproduction of the freer beauty of natural forms. Add to these suggestions the fact that the gifts, as we have them, omit the divided spheres, cylinders, and cones which are integral members of Froebel's ideal series of typical playthings, and which correct the undue accent upon rectangular planes and solids, and it seems to me most of the objections against his plan are satisfactorily disposed of, especially if due recognition is accorded his tireless urgency in recommending the collection of simple and beautiful natural objects, and their reproduction in modelling, drawing, and painting exercises.

Of Froebel's faith in the spiritual analogies of form there can be no doubt, but it is the grossest caricature of his method to affirm that he thrusts these analogies upon the child. Correspondences make themselves felt, and all that Froebel or any one of his rational disciples claims is that the soul of

man rejoices in the lower analogues of its own activities, though it has no understanding whatever of the secret of its joy. The sequence of the kindergarten gifts is determined by Froebel's perception that force is an energy which tends to act equally in all directions and that the material resultant of this tendency is the sphere. Crystal forms show a progressive approximation to the spherical type, or, in other words, move toward concrete realization of the original spherical tendency of force. In like manner, human development makes explicit what is always implicit in mind. All development is self-duplication, and the series of crystal forms is an inorganic analogue of mind just as the process of plant life moving from seed to seed is its organic analogue. It is easy to scoff at Froebel's insight and to ridicule the educational claim he bases upon it, but when one remembers how primitive men sought revelations of their own spiritual nature in the alternations of day and night, in the phases of the moon and the seasons of the year, in generative processes, planetary orbits and stellar revolutions, one is inclined to suspect that the final victory will be with the founder of the kindergarten and not with the scoffers who lightly sneer at his mysticism.

To explain in a single letter how the forms of the kindergarten may be used to stimulate and develop the sense of touch is obviously impossible. For you, moreover, it is unnecessary, as you have had two years of kindergarten training and my object is simply to remind you of the general principles involved in Froebelian exercises. I shall therefore leave you to expand the recommendations I have made with regard to exercises in form and hasten to suggest how you may help Harold to notice and discriminate sensations of sound. In the view of experimental psychologists no child whose organ of hearing is normally developed is born absolutely unmusical. The inability of many children to distinguish musical tones is, therefore, probably due to lack of exercise. You will remember that Froebel urges mothers to sing much themselves; to encourage children to sing; to call their attention to differences of rhythm; to incite them to distinguish between musical tones, and encourage them to originate little melodies. It is, however, important that the discrimination of musical tones and the composition of melodies should not be begun too early or carried too far, and I think Froebel's most valuable suggestions with regard to the

training of the auditory sense are contained in the commentary to the Finger Piano, whose central thought is that the best way to cultivate the hearing of little children is by directing attention to the sounds of Nature. Jenny Lind began her own training as a singer by imitating the songs of birds. Think of the pleasure you may give Harold by leading him to notice and imitate the crowing of roosters, the quacking of ducks, the bleating of lambs, the chirping of crickets, the humming of bees. Think of the joy which will come to him as he learns to distinguish the notes of the robin, the oriole, the meadow lark, the song sparrow. Think of the spiritual presentiments you may awaken by teaching him to hearken to the voices of the wind, and distinguish its whispers, sighs, and moans, its whistles, songs, and trumpet blasts; and, once again, forget not the poetic analogies which will rise unbidden in his soul as he listens to the almost articulate babble of playful brooks, to the gentleplash of waves, to the solemn music of the sea.

In the kindergarten the musical education begun by Nature is continued by song and the adaptation of movement to different rhythms. The careful selection of melodies is of the highest im-

portance, for whatever view may be finally adopted with regard to the spiritual incitement of form and color, few persons question the truth that there is a direct relation between music and emotion, and that base or noble feelings may be aroused by correspondent melodies and rhythms. Plato banished from his ideal Republic all strains "save the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance." Our ideal for the child is that he should learn only those melodies and rhythms which express freedom, joy, and that serene possession of the total self which Froebel expresses in the phrase inner collectedness. I do not claim that this ideal is realized, but its assertion and definition insure its embodiment.

Comparing Froebel's suggestions with regard to sense training with those of more recent writers, we are struck by the fact that while he was the first educator who sought to give a heightened energy to the earliest motions of consciousness by isolating, contrasting, and thus accentuating elementary sensations, he was also keenly alive to the dangers of exaggerating such training, and thereby

impeding the development of higher mental activities.\* Thus, within the sphere of taste Froebel is content to have the child distinguish sweet, sour, and bitter, while in a recent popular psychology we find a list of forty-six edibles between which we are told the blindfold pupil should learn to discriminate.† Froebel limits his training of the sense of

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\* Education of the Central Nervous System, Halleck, p. 143.

† It may be said that the priority I claim for Froebel belongs of right to Pestalozzi. Those who incline to this opinion may profitably consider the suggestions of the latter educator as given in How Gertrude Teaches her Children.

"In reference to such objects as we recognize immediately by the five senses, and in reference to which it is necessary to teach the child to express himself with precision, I take from a dictionary substances whose most prominent qualities we can distinguish by the five senses, and put down with them the adjectives which describe those qualities, e. g.,

"Eel—slippery, worm-shaped, tough-skinned.

"Carcass—dead, offensive.

"Evening—quiet, cheerful, cool, rainy.

"Axe—strong, weak, greasy.

"Field—sandy, clayey, sowed, manured, fertile, profitable, unprofitable.

"Then I reverse this proceeding and in the same way select from the dictionary adjectives expressing distinguishing qualities of objects recognized by the five senses, and set down after them the names of objects possessing them, e. g.,

"Round—ball, hat, moon, sun.

"Light—feather, down, air.

"Heavy—gold, lead, oak, wood.

"Hot—oven, summer day, fire.

smell to a recognition of the odors of common flowers, while his predecessor, Pestalozzi, and his successors among the physiological psychologists assail the nostrils of infancy with a bewildering variety of perfumes and stenches. Finally, Froebel

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" High—tower, mountain, giants, trees.

" Deep—oceans, seas, cellars, graves.

" Soft—flesh, wax, butter.

" Elastic—steel springs, whalebone.

" I do not endeavor by completing these explanatory suffixes to diminish the field of the child's independent intellectual activity, but only give a few terms calculated to appeal directly to his senses, and then inquire in continuation, What else can you mention of the same sort ? "

The most cursory examination of the procedure suggested in this extract shows that Pestalozzi's object lessons are not exercises in the discrimination of elementary sensations. The defects of his plan are many and grave. It makes no selection of objects, but allows the child to consider indifferently an eel or a carcass. It applies to these non-selective objects adjectives with which the child is unfamiliar, and hence burdens his mind with unintelligible predicates. When, reversing its procedure, it gives qualities and calls upon the child to name objects possessing them, it fails to prepare him for so doing by first acquainting him with the qualities under which objects are to be subsumed. Again, it does not select elementary qualities, and it fails entirely to call for a conscious discrimination between the several sensuous spheres. Above all, it is oblivious of the hortatory and deterrent aspects of sensation, and therefore suggests no deed as the outcome of its distinctions. Hence it has no moral or aesthetic quality, and, furthermore, by "burdening memory with unintelligible epithets, it really obscures the intellect and plunges the pupil into the chaos from which it claims to deliver him."

asks the young child to discriminate a few typical forms, a few elementary colors, a few simple musical tones, and reserves all more delicate distinctions for a maturer age. How different is his practice from that now recommended you will realize when you read the following passage, which I cite because it states explicitly a plan often less frankly advocated:

“In the first stage of brain-building—the sensation stage—the child should as early in life as possible be caused to discriminate between each recognizable difference of color—pitch, hue, tint, and shade—and all the other color pitches, hues, tints, and shades; and to discriminate between each recognizable difference of sound pitch, amplitude, tone-quality, cadence, melodic succession, and chordal synthesis, and every other sound pitch, amplitude, tone-quality, etc.; and to discriminate between each recognizable difference of pleasurable and healthful taste, and every other one; and to discriminate between each recognizable difference of healthful smells, and each other smell; to discriminate in a similar manner between touches; in their recognizable differences of intensity and locality and comparative closeness; and the same for warm-tem-

perature sensations, and for cold-temperature sensations; and the same for muscular sensations, until each muscle has been felt to move with different degrees of energy and speed and in different directions. Briefly, give to the child every sensation-memory-structure that it can get from each of the eight classes of sensory nerves, omitting not one recognizable sensation-difference in any of the senses.” \*

The greater temperance of Froebel is due to his clearer recognition of the nature and significance of the higher mental activities. The training of sense is urged upon the ground that the brain structures are the products of mental activity, and that, therefore, in order to build up the different sense areas the child must exercise the functions of which those areas are the embodied expression. But if this be true of the structures resulting from the exercise of sense perception it is obviously no less true of the cells and fibers in which are registered the results of higher activities; and to exaggerate sense training is to keep the soul the thrall of environment instead of abetting the struggle for

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\* Psychology, Psychurgy, and the Kindergarten. By Elmer Gates, M. D., Pratt Institute Monthly, May, 1897.

liberty it makes in its search for causes. Since causes belong to a higher order than the objects of sense-perception, the soul emancipates itself from those dead results and achieves freedom by becoming self-environing. Might it not be possible, by too many exercises in seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, and smelling to bind the child's soul throughout life to his eyes, ears, hands, mouth, and nose? And if such exercises were continued for a sufficient number of generations might they not threaten the human race with reversion to the animal brain as a result of the exercise of animal activities? Laugh, dear friend, if you will, but learn the *trend* of certain educational suggestions from the absurdity of their logical outcome.

Have I made clear to you what you ought practically to do in order to begin Harold's æsthetic education? Have I helped you to realize that all Nature is speech, and that the universal qualities of objects are the alphabet through whose countless combinations we spell out her meaning? Have I shown you that discriminative and productive exercises must go hand in hand, and that we can only learn to love the beautiful by creating the beauti-

ful? Have I convinced you that standards of beauty must vary for the adult and the child, and that any effort to make the latter appreciate the higher forms of beauty must be self-defeating? If so, you now realize that the rounds on the ladder of æsthetic development are permanent, but that they may be climbed more or less rapidly; and that our wisdom consists in seeing where the child stands and then pointing him, not to the distant height to which he must mount, but to the near next step which he must take and perhaps already begins to feel he would like to take. Historically, as Goethe hints to us in his portrayal of the relationship between Phorkyas and Helen, the beautiful arose by a progressive transformation of the ugly, and the love of beauty must be cultivated in the same way. Learning to like the less ugly means learning to like the more beautiful, and as we achieve virtue by overcoming moral defect, so we achieve good taste by overcoming bad taste. How many persons blandly unconscious of their own lack of relish for the highest art go through life formally professing admiration for all that custom has sanctioned as admirable! How many vital but uncouth natures defiantly assert their own savage predilections!

How many fawning hypocrites praise the beautiful while inwardly gloating over the ugly. Would you save Harold from becoming an æsthetic formalist, scoffer, or hypocrite? Then see to it that you respect the ratio between production and discrimination!

In addition to the positive training of discrimination and production, we must be mindful of the influence of environment, and careful not to pervert the child's æsthetic sense by ugly pictures and ugly toys. The taste of little girls is often corrupted by expressionless dolls, badly painted and badly dressed. The musical taste of boys is coarsened by tin trumpets and poor drums. Many children are allowed to bang on the piano. Many are injured by all kinds of ugly and tawdry playthings, and by badly drawn and crudely colored pictures. Last, but not least, we forget that all true beauty implies strength and simplicity, and warp the taste of children by the excessive luxury of our homes.

As the kindergarten gifts seek the original point of contact between the mind of the child and the beauties of Nature and art, so the songs of the Mother-Play nourish the germs of literary activity and literary taste. Always alert to discover the

terminus *ab quo* of an educational process, Froebel perceived that latent in our traditional nursery rhymes were the ideals which have created higher literature, and considered as a child's book the Mother-Play is an attempt to elicit these ideals, and by means of dramatic action, poetry, music, picture, and story, to win for them a controlling power over the imagination. In these plays the child is both receptive and self-expressive, but as he grows older the development of literary activity and the cultivation of literary taste must be pursued by distinct but parallel paths. Children should be encouraged to relate their experiences, and thus begin to grasp them as wholes. They should be taught to give accurate descriptions of simple and beautiful objects, to make rhymes and relate original stories, and as they grow older written expression should supplement oral expression. On the other hand, literary taste should be cultivated by hearing and reading carefully selected poems and stories, and simple poems, whose rhythm is as perfect as possible, and which embody pure and inspiring ideals, should be committed to memory.

In selecting stories for little children we should be careful to keep a just proportion between the

several types into which they naturally divide themselves. The child needs stories reflecting accurately his own experiences, and thus acting as a looking-glass for his mind. He needs those narratives of animal and plant life and those narrative descriptions of inorganic phenomena which open for him the doorway of natural science. He needs stories interpreting human nature as he begins to know it—stories which depict in strong and simple outline the elemental emotions, the primary motives, and the original moral conflicts of the soul. Above all, he needs those mythic tales which “sport with the fixed conditions of the actual world and present to him a picture of free power over Nature and circumstances.” For tales such as these liberate the soul because they celebrate its ideal freedom and prophesy its triumphant career of conquest over itself and the world.

For American children stories of this kind are especially important because as a people we are prosaic, and as Matthew Arnold has frankly told us, “not interesting.” The tendency of much so-called education is to kill what little ideality we have. The thoroughness with which we study mathematics and natural science, while neglecting literature,

history, art, and philosophy, tends to enthral rather than to emancipate our minds, and I honestly believe that not only our individual characters, but our perpetuity as a representative nation depends upon the uplifting of our ideals through the cultivation of imagination. So "give us once again the wishing cup of Fortunatus and the invisible coat of Jack the Giant-Killer," and do you contribute your share toward the evolution of a nation of idealists by telling Harold over and over again the fairy tales you may be sure he will never tire of hearing.

Casting a backward glance over the course of this letter you will become aware that it has unfolded from the simple point made by Froebel that through their savor, odor, sound, form, and color the things of Nature speak to us and tell us what they are. This insight explains our analogical use of the words originally expressive of elementary sensations. Sweet dispositions, sour faces, bitter experiences, fragrant memories, angular character, the circular sweep of deeds, the spirals of thought, the ring of truth, the pitch and scale of feeling, the many words borrowed from the vocabulary of color to suggest emotion are all intimations that we have been blindly aware that in sensation is revealed the

true being of the sensuous object. Still more suggestive is our discernment of spiritual analogues to the different sensuous spheres, and particularly our wide reaching analogical use of the word taste. We speak of taste in dress, manner, life, art, and literature; we praise the man of correct and refined taste, we shrink from him whose tastes are low. The several uses of the word have this in common, that they all imply the act of comparison. Cultivation in any sphere is characterized by the sensitive apprehension of subtle differences. The musician hears sounds not discernible by the untrained ear, the sculptor perceives gradations of form, the painted gradations of color invisible to the uneducated eye; all three recognize in the several forms of expression a soul hidden from or vaguely apprehended by dimmer eyes and duller ears. Such recognition implies an identity of the essence or soul of the object with the soul of the percipient. Physically we taste only that which we are beginning to assimilate or make over into our own organism, and the same is true spiritually. Our tastes therefore indicate our spiritual affiliations, and our souls are becoming noble or base, fair or foul, as we prefer the noble or base, the fair or foul in life,

manners, literature, and art. We grow into the likeness of the things we love, and our genuine attractions and repulsions define our characters. Realize this truth and you will understand that the cultivation of taste is one important phase of education, and will inquire for suggestions as to the ways and means of leading children to love the sweet, the beautiful, and the reasonable.

If it be true that through their qualities the things of Nature reveal their essence, then Nature is a revelation to sense of the invisible realities of spirit. Of all delusions the most fatal is that which holds to the contradiction of inner and outer, and imagines that the essence of things can be different in character from their manifestation. How often are being and seeming set in sharp contrast! how fondly do we hug the conceit that we are something better, nobler, purer than we appear! Once for all sweep that illusion away. What we act we are, and our lives are the revelation of our souls. So is it also with Nature. She is that which she appears to be, and as we study history we find that to men of all ages and races she has told the truth about herself. It was she who by her setting suns, her fading flowers, her dying animals wakened in the soul a

consciousness of the transitoriness of all finite things and stirred the longing for something which would not pass away. It was she who held up before man his own image as conquering hero and returning wanderer. It is she who in these later days is telling to all who have ears to hear that she is mind manifest. The revelation is clear, but the eyes of men have waxed gross and their ears are dull of hearing. Therefore the great revelation needs its interpreters. Best of these are the poets and artists, and the shortest definition of æsthetic education is that it is the process by which the intuitions and affections of elect souls are made the intuitions and affections of all souls.

It is universally conceded that Greece is the fatherland of literature and art, but many of us do not connect this distinction with the fact that in fair Hellas men first began to inquire in the depths of their own souls for the hidden meaning of Nature. "The Greek spirit," says Hegel, "regards Nature as something foreign to itself, in which, however, there is something friendly to itself. Its attitude toward Nature is one of wonder and presentiment, of curious surmise and eager attention. It looks upon Nature as *incitement*, and in the emo-

tions and ideals incited discovers the spiritual reality behind appearance. The Greek Pan is not the objective whole of Nature, but the subjective thrill in the presence of Nature. Naiads and muses are not fountains, but the exaltation of spirit awakened by the murmur of fountains. The oracles of sacred oaks are not their rustling leaves, but the impulses and dreams they stir in the susceptible soul. In a word, in the recoil of spirit against the incitement of Nature is revealed the character of the incitement itself.” \*

And now, dear friend, if Nature be indeed speech, who is the speaker? Since we can interpret her must we not resemble her? Since we can only interpret her by looking within our own souls must there be a spirit in her like the spirit in us? May it really be as the Schoolmen taught, that in every object of sensitive experience God himself lies hid? And as His revelation to sense was first in the history of the world must it not be the first to appeal to the individual? Since literature, art, and religion are the fair issue of a marriage between Nature and the human mind, should not the sacramental union be formed anew by each fresh soul? You read my

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\* Hegel's Philosophy of History, Eng. tr., pp. 244-246.

meaning? Teach Harold to love Nature, to enjoy her beauty, wonder at her mystery, feel her living companionship. So shall the pulsations of his thought move in rhythm with the eternal stream of spiritual energy; so shall his soul become inwardly one with the Infinite spirit who "from the shining fount of life pours the deluge of creation."

## LETTER VII.

### THE SOUL OF THE FLOWER.

#### FLOWER SONG.

The Life Supreme, that lives in all,  
Gives everything its own ;  
A soul remains itself despite  
Life's ceaseless shift—Death's sure, cold might  
*Itself*—though changed or grown.  
  
And something to a soul akin  
Looks out from every flower ;  
A lily is a lily still,  
On mountain bleak, by meadow rill,  
In sunshine or in shower.  
  
Ten thousand roses June may boast,  
All differing each from each ;  
And still the rose-soul in each one  
Glowes fervent, as if there alone  
Its silence had found speech.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

#### FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

Oh ! the pretty flowers !  
Well their names we know,  
When we see their colors  
That so brightly glow.

All these pretty flowers  
Have their own sweet smell.  
Often without seeing  
We their names can tell.

So our eyes we cover  
That we may not see ;  
While the fragrance tells us  
What the flower must be.\*

Hilda's eyes we cover  
That she may not see ;  
While the fragrance tells her  
What the flower must be.

EMILIE POULSSON.

DEAR ——: For years I have watched with anxiety the increasing number of books whose object is to kindle in the heart of childhood a passion for natural science. For years I have realized with dismay that in order to make time for exercises in botany, natural history, and elementary physics kindergartners were sacrificing the ideal of creative self-activity, and quietly ignoring those distinctively Froebelian games which stir presentiments of social solidarity and spiritual freedom. In the mind of any one who recognizes that the realm of Nature is a realm of fate, and that the exclusive or preponderant study of natural science must create an intellectual bias toward fatalism, the undue emphasis so often placed upon science can not fail to rouse a protest. The teaching of science is that Nature is an

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\* After singing three stanzas to introduce the play, the last stanza only is repeated, as different children try to distinguish the flowers. Each child's name may be used.

unbroken chain of phenomena in which every link is determined by that which preceded it. The supreme and exhilarating fact about man is that his soul is a fathomless spring of creative energy. We are told that each grain of sand on the seashore lies where it does because the whole past history of the world and the totality of present conditions have conspired to place and keep it there. But here comes the baby just two years old and, scouting and flouting all past and present causality, insists that he is himself an original causal energy. No sum total of antecedent or present influences shall constrain him. He has discerned in Nature an ideal possibility, and, victor that he is, plants his foot upon her neck. He wants a hollow where now is a level, or a sand mountain where now is a hollow. And what he wants he makes, thereby asserting his transcendental freedom and enacting on his Lilliputian scale one scene in the splendid drama of human conquest.

Because man is free and nature unfree the young mind should not be warped by too early or too exclusive stress upon the study of natural science. So beware of the temptation to make Harold a prodigy of informations with regard to plants and animals, and warn Helen against com-

mitting a like wrong against the children in her kindergarten.

I am well aware that of late years science has sought in plants and animals for the embryonic forms of mental activity, and that many of her leaders are beginning to recognize in the ascent of life a struggle toward freedom. Next to their too great frequency the most serious criticism to be made upon the talks about plants and animals given to little children is that they generally show no knowledge of the significant results at which recent science has arrived. So, having warned you against too much flower study, my object in this letter will be to suggest to you how you may help Harold to discover the soul of the flower.

You wrote me some time ago that you were reading *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*, and I am sure you can not have forgotten the description of a parasitic tree which grows in the neighborhood of Para, and which is called the matador or murderer. "It belongs to the fig order. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing

plants and trees, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mold over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth from each side an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upward, and the victim, when the strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbor, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth! ” \*

With this striking example of vegetable crime

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\* The Naturalist on the River Amazon, H. W. Bates ; cited in Sagacity and Morality of Plants, J. E. Taylor, p. 229.

compare the following touching illustration of vegetable suffering and resignation, and that you may appreciate its significance remember that there is a direct relation between the adequacy of food supply and the production of leaves.

"No genuine botanist," writes Mr. J. E. Taylor, "can regard that remarkable and unique British plant, the butcher's broom, with other than intense interest. It is the only species of woody monocotyledonous plant we have in England—the only representative of the woody-stemmed palms, etc., of the tropics submissively growing beneath the shade of trees which came into existence ages after its own family had occupied the proud position of aristocrats in the vegetable world. What a story of quiet suffering and struggling with these plutocratic newcomers does the fact that the butcher's broom has no leaves, but only cladodes, tell us! Leaves with it have long since disappeared. Profitable as they usually are, the plant could not make ends meet, and so the branches flattened themselves, became covered with stomata (or carbon-feeding mouths), and performed, and do still perform, all the functions of true leaves." \*

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\* *Sagacity and Morality of Plants*, J. E. Taylor, p. 42, 43.

Were we considering human conduct instead of plant conduct, I think you would admit that the matador and the butcher's broom have very different characters, and should I give a thousand illustrations instead of two you would be convinced that all human virtues and vices have their counterparts in the actions of the vegetable kingdom. Contrast the characters of trees and vines as shown in the methods they have adopted to get heat, light, and food. I am writing this letter out of doors. Just in front of my porch stands a giant oak. I think of the strength and patience which built up its huge trunk, spread its branches high in air, and hung its leaves in the sunshine and breeze. Then I look at the clematis and wisteria clambering over rails, twining around pillars, and realize that wit and cunning have stood them in the stead of strength. Consider the varying types of individuality manifested in the devices originated by plants to secure cross fertilization; in the differing and often contradictory plans adopted for the dispersion of seed; in the honesty with which some plants requite the services rendered by birds and insects; in the selfishness and cruelty with which others turn upon their benefactors. Remember the cunning and

treachery with which insectivorous plants tempt, deceive, betray, and destroy their victims. Compare the species of plants that live by parasitism and robbery with the nobler and wiser species that have learned to apply the principle of co-operation, and which by civilization have made themselves victors in the fierce and never-ending battle for life. Ponder the hint conveyed in Mr. Darwin's admission that we do not know "why a touch, slight pressure, or any other irritant such as electricity, heat, or the absorption of animal matter should modify the turgescence of the affected cells in such a manner as to cause movement," and in his far-reaching suggestion that "the tip of the radicle acts like the brain of one of the lower animals." \* Finally, ask yourself what it means when competent botanists can speak of the likes and dislikes of plants, their tendencies and habits, and of floral sagacity, morality,

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\* Power of Movement in Plants. "The course pursued by the radicle in penetrating the ground must be determined by the tip, hence it has acquired such diverse kinds of sensitiveness. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals, the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense organs, and directing the several movements."

and diplomacy. All these facts point in one direction and suggest one truth. Wherever there is life there is self-determination, and where there is self-determination there is mind or soul.

When the facts of science force us to confront this possibility we become suddenly aware that it has long hovered before poetic and philosophic minds. "It is my faith," confesses Wordsworth, "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes." Lowell knows of an instinct in the clod which "feels a stir of might and climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." To Longfellow "Flowers teach by most persuasive reasons how akin they are to human things." Emerson hears "The poor grass plot and plan what it will do when it is man;" George Eliot feels that "There is a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in the delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centers of deep color;" and Spencer has insight into the truth that all bodies are the product of souls.

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,  
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make."

It may be claimed that poets suggest thoughts they themselves do not fully apprehend. If so I appeal from poetry to philosophy, and remind you

of Aristotle's celebrated discrimination between vegetative, sensitive, and rational souls. We empty his discrimination of all meaning by practically denying any soul to plants and animals. Great thoughts imply great thinkers, and they undergo a sad shrinkage when they enter little minds. We should be wiser if we recognized that in proportion as a thinker is great he means exactly what he says, and if, instead of dwarfing his thoughts to our mental dimensions, we should seek to expand our dimensions to the measure of his thought.

What, then, in its lowest definition is a soul? There can be but one answer. It is a self-active energy. What is meant by self-activity? The power of originating deeds and giving shape or form. Is there anything in plant life which proves the presence of such an energy? Yes, for it reacts against its environment. It is not constrained by external influence to build this or that body, but it uses material borrowed from its surroundings to create a body conforming to the model of its species. This model is the unconscious ideal which controls its recoil against environment. The plant is, therefore; a creative energy building a body according

to a plan, and with Mr. Ruskin we may confidently declare that "the power which catches out of chaos charcoal, water, lime, and whatnot, and fastens them down into a given form is properly called spirit or soul." \*

In the light of the doctrine of evolution we have learned to see that the plant is not only an architectonic power, building a body according to an ideal, but that it actually modifies this ideal itself to suit changing conditions. Thus rushes, sedges, and grasses rank by descent as degraded lilies, the strawberry has developed from the little three-leaved white potentilla, and tracing the pedigrees of such widely different flowers as the daisy, the rose, and the buttercup, we find that they are the remote offspring of a common ancestor. In the succinct statement of Dr. Harris, the living being, plant, animal, or man, is a self-active energy, persisting under various environments, and manifesting his power by modifying his environment and *by modifying also his own organism,*† in order to accomplish his work better. Every new step he makes is transmitted to his progeny as so much inherited power. He builds himself in the process

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\* The Queen of the Air, Ruskin, p. 72.

† Italics mine.

of modifying his environment and adapting it to himself.\*

The theory of evolution points to the idea that functions precede and produce organs. We used to think that birds could fly because they were originally endowed with wings. We now begin to suspect they may have produced wings by efforts to fly. This revolutionary insight means the recognition of energy as the ground of being, and when really accepted it reveals the universe not as an assemblage of material bodies, but as a manifestation of the activities of souls in all stages of development.

And now I think we have arrived at a point of view from which the motto to Froebel's Flower Song will interpret itself. "Early give your child experience of the fact that in all living things there is revealed an essence (or spirit) which is struggling toward existence (or manifestation). Thus in each flower one distinctive type of life is expressed alike in form, color, and fragrance, because one energy brought into existence these several qualities." Differently stated, in the totality of its attributes the plant reveals its soul. This soul is the one thing

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\* Hegel's Logic, p. 287.

about the plant which is worth knowing. We learn to know it by rightly reading its revelation just as rightly reading a man's life we grow to understand his character. Therefore, early help your child to seek the soul of the plant by studying its actions as registered in their outcome. And finally, since the flower is at once the highest expression of vegetable self-activity, and the one which most sympathetically appeals to the young mind, let the search for plant souls begin by loving flowers, proceed by nurturing them, and end by studying them.

That men have instinctively recognized the blossom as the most perfect expression of the plant-soul is shown in the universal adoption of the flower as type of fulfilment. Man's highest deed is called the flower of his life, the great man is said to be the flower of his race, the great ages of history are described as periods of national inflorescence, and when Dante wishes to reveal the eternal, immortal, and invisible church as the consummation toward which the universe moves, he paints that most wonderful of metamorphoses by which the ever-flowing stream of creation is transformed into the Great White Rose of Paradise.

The revelation of the plant soul in its flower has been most beautifully interpreted by Mr. Ruskin: "The spirit in the plant," he writes, "that is to say, its power of gathering dead matter out of the wreck round it, and shaping it into its own chosen shape, is, of course, strongest at the moment of its flowering, for it then not only gathers, but forms, with the greatest energy."

"And where this life is in it at full power, its form becomes invested with aspects that are chiefly delightful to our own human passions—namely, first, with the loveliest outlines of shape; and, secondly, with the most brilliant phases of the primary colors—blue, yellow, and red or white, the unison of all; and, to make it all more strange, this time of peculiar and perfect glory is associated with relations of the plants or blossoms to each other, correspondent to the joy of love in human creatures, and having the same object in the continuance of the race. Only, with respect to plants, as animals, we are wrong in speaking as if the object of this strong life were only the bequeathing of itself. The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be, not the reason for flowers

that seeds may be. The flower itself is the creature which the spirit makes; only, in connection with its perfectness is placed the giving birth to its successor.” \*

If, therefore, during Harold’s early childhood you will consciously restrict yourself to fostering his love for flowers, teaching him their common names, giving him the joy of seeking them in their native haunts, and the deeper joy of cultivating them in his own little garden, you will avoid many mistakes into which intelligent mothers and teachers are prone to fall. A few days ago a friend of mine called on an acquaintance of botanical proclivities. During her visit the latter received a basket of spring flowers, whereupon her three children fell at once to dissecting and describing them. Greatly impressed by what she had seen and heard, my friend procured similar flowers on her way home, and, feeling that she had criminally neglected the education of her own boy, began at once to remedy her sin by pulling them to pieces to show him their several parts. But the little fellow only buried his nose in the fragrant blossoms and stanchly declared that all he wanted to know was

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\* *The Queen of the Air*, Ruskin.

that the pretty flowers smelled sweet. I know a little girl who will never accept a gift of flowers because she fears being made to analyze them; and long experience in the kindergarten has convinced me of the great wrong done children by attempting to force upon them prematurely the habit of scientific observation.

Some years ago a most interesting educational experiment was made by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, with the avowed aim of forming in a child between the ages of four and seven, the "scientific cast of mind." In the course of the volume describing this experiment Dr. Jacobi takes issue with Miss Youmans on the question whether the child's study of plants should begin with the leaf or the flower. Miss Youmans had decided in favor of the leaf, on the ground that the simple should always precede the complex. But it is dangerous to make a single maxim bear the whole weight of a practical method, and Dr. Jacobi did a great service to primary education by pointing out that Miss Youmans had ignored the still more important maxim that intellectual education should begin with vivid sense impressions. The flower by its attractiveness appeals more strongly to the senses than the leaf, and hence

is to be preferred for first study. Dr. Jacobi herself was, however, betrayed into a psychologic error through the aim she set herself, as the following description, given by the child, of some growing beans will testify: "The episperm on the under surface is all black and has split, leaving a space the shape of an equilateral triangle with the apex pointing to the convex edge of the cotyledons." The conscious observation and the mastery of technical terms displayed in this description imply a cultivation of the understanding which should not be given during either the perceptive or imaginative epochs of intellectual development.

By this time it is doubtless clear to you that Froebel always seeks the original point of contact between the mind of the child and the truth toward which his feeling and imagination is to be directed. You remember, too, that "the nursery was his university," and you will, therefore, not be surprised that in the Education of Man he thought it worth while to call attention to the way in which the simple-hearted mother tries to make her baby distinguish the difference between sweet-smelling and bad-smelling flowers: "How good the rose smells! Does baby want to smell too?" she ex-

claims, making at the same time a little snuffing noise, or "How bad this smells," she says, turning with an expression of repugnance from the flower, which she puts out of the child's reach. This maternal action gives the psychologic or subjective point of departure for the Flower Song, which, as you know, is called the Smell Song in the original Mother-Play. Its objective point of departure is suggested in the following passage, which is also from the Education of Man: "The distinct fundamental law of vegetable life is that each successive stage of development is a higher growth of the preceding one—e. g., the petals are transformed ordinary leaves, the stamens and pistils transformed petals. Each successive formation presents the essential nature of the plant in a more subtle garb, *until at last it seems clothed only in a delicate perfume.*\* You need only remind yourself that it is easier for little children to consciously discriminate the odors of flowers than their structure or color; that hence they love sweet smelling flowers more than any others; that the plants preferred by savages and rustics are likewise those which appeal to

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\* Italics mine. Education of Man, Hailmann's translation, p. 194.

the senses of taste and smell, and that in old-fashioned gardens fragrant flowers preponderated over all others, to be sure that in this as in so many other cases Froebel has found the root experience from which interest in plant life may be developed. Whether he is right in the assertion that the spirit of the flower exhales in its perfume is another question. Yet if the essence of the plant is revealed in the totality of its qualities it must of necessity be suggested in each one of them, and that we instinctively seek it alike in color, form, and perfume is proved by our perplexity when one of these qualities seems to contradict the others.

And so, sneers the scoffer of the Mother-Play, we are to teach botany by letting babies smell plenty of flowers. It seems trivial to write these words, but their justification is the fact that consciously or unconsciously ignoring the difference between a *terminus ab quo* and a *terminus ad quem*, Froebel's critics are continually holding him up to ridicule and contempt. Froebel believes that no study should float in the air without cords binding it to the solid ground of personal experience. He is the evolutionist among educators. He will not try to plant a full grown oak of thought. He will

not even plant a sapling. He insists upon the acorn, and even this shall only be planted in a mental soil which has been prepared for its reception by fertilizing experiences. Therefore, he wishes the baby to see and smell flowers, the young child to seek them in garden, field, and meadow, the boy and girl to cultivate them.

That every child may remember an Eden, every home should have a garden. You have blessed all your children with this vision of Paradise, and flooded them with sensations sweet. The ardor of the rose, the purity of the lily, the joy of the bird, and the aspiration of all living growing things have passed into their souls. This wealth of early experience will enrich their whole lives. For Harold I want you to do one thing more, and as he grows older help him to "mingle his mind with Nature" by making a garden of his own. Partnership with flowers will teach him to recognize and respect their differing individualities. Digging and planting, watering and pruning, protecting and cherishing, he will learn the high privilege of nurture. Need I add that waiting and watching for the appearance of the plant whose seed he has himself hidden in the ground his soul will be stirred as it can be in

no other way by premonitions of the perpetual miracle of life?

Second only to the privilege of nurture is the joy of seeking flowers in field and meadow, forest, and upland. Few things will bind so closely the cords of sympathy between you and Harold as going out with him into the great garden of Nature and helping him to make acquaintance with the flowers in their native haunts. When he is older you must turn him over to Mother Nature herself; give him the joy of rambling alone through her sweet solitudes, and learning at first hand her strange secrets. Let him know the happiness of finding year after year violets on the same moist bank, daisies in the same field, clumps of mandrakes under the same trees, and of feeling with a thrill of wonder the permanency of the so transient seeming flowers. When he brings you the blossoms he has gathered, the wreath he has woven, understand that the love in his heart is seeking expression and be thankful. Be ready to name the flowers he finds, knowing that to name objects is really in a sense to discover them, and that when Harold has learned the common names of a few flowers he will be eager to search both for them and for others still un-

named. "The first conscious thought about wild flowers," writes Richard Jeffries, "was to find out their names—the first conscious pleasure—and then I began to see many that I had not previously noticed. Once you wish to identify them there is nothing that escapes notice, down to the little white chickweed of the path and the moss on the wall."

So long as Harold is satisfied with seeking and naming flowers be satisfied yourself, knowing that "beauty is its own excuse for being," and that through flowers his love for the beautiful is being stirred into conscious life. Watch, however, for the moment when he shall seek to reproduce the loveliness he has learned to feel; make it your part to discover through what material his spirit finds readiest utterance, and encourage him as the case may be to write flower poems, to draw and paint flowers, or to model them in clay. Remember the Egyptian lotus, the annunciation lily, the fleur-de-lys of chivalry, the general influence of flowers in poetry, sculpture, painting, and decorative design. Remember, too, that the watchword of a true education is development through self-expression, and that the ideal which Goethe pictured in his Pedagogic Province is clamoring in all prophetic souls

for its practical realization in the school, the college, and the university.

If you will patiently follow where your boy leads, and not interfere with his development by forcing him to follow you, in good time you will be beset with curious questions. Then will come your great opportunity for directing his attention to those typical characteristics in which the soul of the plant manifests its individuality. The defect of untrained observation—a defect clearly shown in our common names for flowers—is that it notes merely the characteristics which obtrude themselves upon sense. Thus the pink is named from its pinked or jagged edges, the geranium (crane's bill) from the long projecting beak of its seed capsule, the buttercup from its cup-shaped flowers and yellow color, the dandelion (French *dent-de-lion*) in allusion to the shape of its leaves. The many books which have been written on the language of flowers show the gap between an instinctive feeling that each flower has its peculiar individuality, and the scientific knowledge which makes recognition of individuality possible. Since fame, for example, blows a trumpet, the trumpet flower shall represent fame; since mortification flushes the

cheek, the crimson peony shall mean shame; since adders, being serpents, are presumably treacherous, the bell-shaped flower called adder's tongue, "from a lance-like spike on which its seeds are produced," becomes the floral expression for deceit. Even the poet is often content with finding in the "beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature" a meaning "suited to his mind," or, differently stated, poems are products of fancy which "forsaking the intent of Nature, adopts ends of its own," instead of products of imagination which "follows the lines of Nature," brings to light "what is hidden in Nature, and shows what she is striving to accomplish." When we learn to read Nature aright we cease to invent metaphors, and discover that every natural object is in itself metaphorical. A true symbol is the lower analogue of the reality to which it corresponds, the reality and the symbol being indeed the same divine thought expressed on the one hand in spiritual, on the other in material speech. Science, therefore, is pioneer of the poet that is to be, one who shall reveal the universe as a vast palimpsest written over again and again with ever-clearer revelations of the spirit.

By calling Harold's attention to a few striking

illustrations of the characteristic facts about flowers you may easily develop his curiosity into intelligent research. Explain to him the importance of insect visitors, and then show him the relationship between the shapes of such flowers as the carnation and the morning-glory, and the sucking mouths or probosces of butterflies and moths. Interest him in cymes, panicles, and corymbs by telling him that small flowers have learned to group themselves in these different masses in order to attract insect attention. Give him his first lesson in political economy by teaching him that sunflowers, dahlias, chrysanthemums, daisies, are not single flowers, but floral communities in which the altruistic ray florets live entirely for the benefit of the disk florets. Open his eyes to the meaning of different colors by showing him that they correspond to differences of structure, and hence act as advertisements to bees and butterflies. Teach him to recognize the law of compensation in the fact that brilliant flowers are often scentless, while inconspicuous blossoms, like the mignonette, wage their modest struggle for existence by help of their fragrance. Point out to him that "the acrid leaves of the buttercup, the stinging cells of the nettle, the prickles

of the gooseberry, the thorns of the rose, the poison of the wolfsbane," are weapons used by these plants to defend themselves from animal attack. Soak and open some typical seed and show him how the mother-flower has wrapped her baby in blankets and provided it with food. Incite him to observe the various devices adopted to disseminate seed—the feathery tufts of the dandelion, the silky sails of the milkweed, the prickly heads of the burdock, the snapping capsules of the jewel-weed. Above all, make him realize that forms, colors, structures, perfumes, weapons, maternal devices, being all the results of different methods of fighting the battle of life, are the outward and visible signs of different individualities, and the world of flowers is, therefore, a visible revelation of moral good and evil.

"In our conviction," writes Victor Hugo, "if souls were visible we should distinctly see the strange fact that every individual of the human species corresponds to some one of the species of animal creation; and we might easily recognize the truth which has as yet scarce occurred to the thinker, that from the oyster to the eagle, from the hog to the tiger, all animals are in man." In view of the revelations of botany may we not say that

plants are likewise "the figures of our virtues and our vices, the visible phantoms of our souls?" May we not even question whether it be not literally true that in the vegetable and animal worlds we survey individuality in the process of formation, blind will shaping all possible types of character, and preparing all possible occasions for moral conflict?

My letter is drawing to its close. Its purpose will be fulfilled if it helps you to realize the wide reach of Froebel's suggestion of the angel or fairy in the flower.\* That many children believe in the flower fairy who is really their incarnation of the flower soul, we all know, but it would be most interesting to determine by sympathetic questions to large numbers of children how general this faith may be, and what differing forms it assumes. It is matter of familiar knowledge that primitive men expressed in kindred fashion their recognition of a spiritual principle of life in plants. Even to-day the Wallachian peasant believes that "every flower has a soul, and that the water lily, the pure

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\* This suggestion occurs in the Flower or Smell Song. That Froebel understood its implication he proves in the motto.

and scentless flower of the lake, shall stand at the gate of Paradise to judge the rest." \* The faith that at death the souls of men enter into plants is common to many primitive peoples, and its vestiges may be traced both in mediæval legend and in popular superstition. Thus, in the story of Tristram and Isolde there springs from the grave of the former an eglantine which twines about the statue of his beloved, and in German folklore the soul "is supposed to take the form of a lily or a white rose, one of these flowers appearing on the chairs of those about to die." † In Scandinavian mythology all mankind are descended from the ash and the elm. Buddhist books prove that in the early days of this religion "it was matter of controversy whether trees had souls, and, therefore, whether they might lawfully be injured. Orthodox Buddhism decided against tree souls, but insisted that certain devas or tree spirits reside in the bodies of trees and speak from within them." "Buddha himself was such a tree genius forty-three

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In an age which claims that even human psychology may be taught without a Psyche, it seems to me well that we should strengthen our sense of the reality of spiritual energy by recognizing its presence in forms of life inferior to our own. No less important is it, on the other hand, to discriminate between the nutritive, the sensitive, and the rational soul, or between spiritual activity as manifested respectively in plant, animal, and man. We have seen that (by the plastic energy of an indwelling ideal) the plant shapes material appropriated from its surroundings into a body conforming to the model of its species. The animal soul does more than this, for it adds to the power of assimilation the activities of sensation and locomotion. Through sensation it makes an ideal reproduction of its surroundings; through locomotion it is able to change its environment and thus to modify the influences against which it reacts. Moreover, the animal begins to discern possibilities in the material of Nature, and hence to adapt it to new purposes. From the pollen of flowers the bee

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\* Geschichte der Philosophie, vol. i, p. 272.

makes wax and forms cells; from mud and leaves, from twigs and hairs, birds build their differing nests. Beavers construct lodges, dams, and canals. The elephant makes himself a fan by breaking off the branch of a tree and stripping it of all foliage except a bunch of twigs and leaves at the top; monkeys use stones as hammers, levers, and projectiles; and a cebus observed by Mr. Romanes actually discovered for himself the mechanical principle of the screw. The great defect of both plant and animal souls is that all their activity is incited by *unconscious* ideals, and hence that there is an unbridged and bridgeless chasm between the individual and the species. Looking abroad upon the world of Nature as distinct from the world of man we behold the tragic spectacle of ideal energies forever seeking, yet forever debarred from finding their adequate embodiment. In man, however, the generic ideal becomes the conscious self of the individual. Recognizing in himself the presence of this generic energy, the human being is able to discover the generic selves of plants and animals; to understand that all natural objects and forces are mere points and arcs on great circles of possibility; to modify and adapt Nature to his own purposes;

to enter by participation into the total achievement of his own race, and to apprehend and interpret the one great ideal under whose impulsion the whole universe wrestles and strives, works and wills.

Science has reduced all the phenomena of Nature to a series of motions, explained these motions by a correlated system of forces, and assumed as the unity of this correlated system a persistent force which is "the energy of each particular force without its quality." \* This insight means the recognition of self-activity as the source and origin of all activity, and of all static phenomena. Upon the plane of life the one persistent force or creative energy dirempts itself into countless specific energies which manifest self-activity in ascending degrees. Upon the plane of human life it comes to self-knowledge in the consciousness of rational individuals to whom it has communicated its fullness and who reflect its image.

It was a deep saying of Froebel that "as the age of Jesus demanded faith, so the present age demands insight." The truth which to-day is flashing out into luminous consciousness is that the world-order is not material but spiritual, and that

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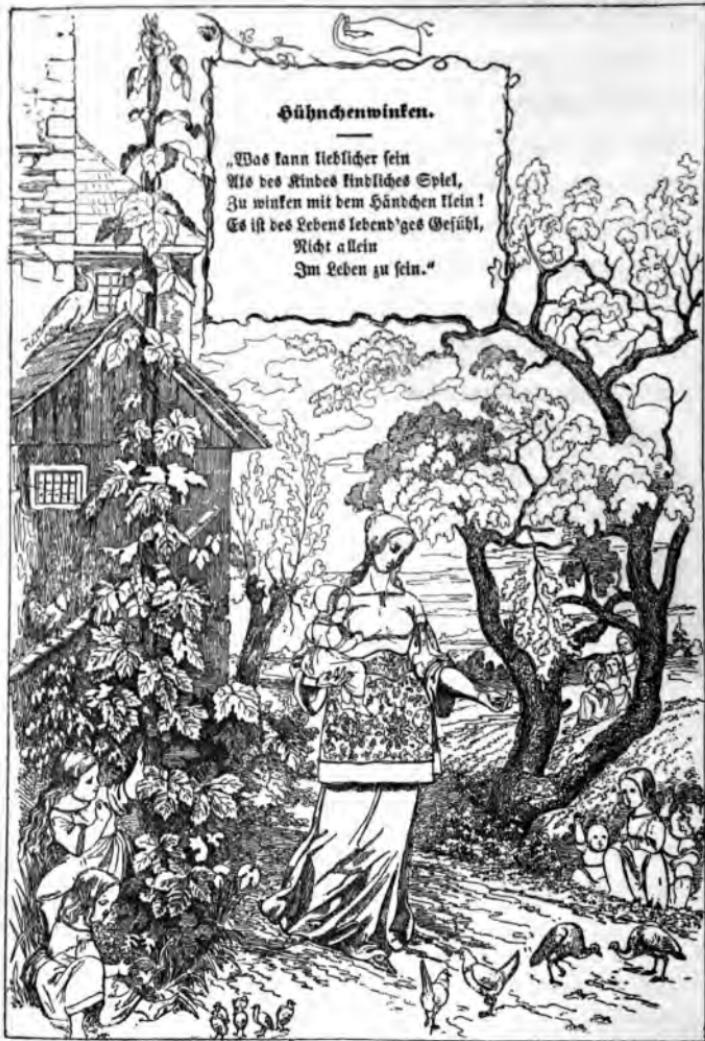
\* Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, Dr. Harris, p. 86.

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“And what if all of animated Nature  
Be but organic harps divinely framed  
And trembling into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
Plastic and vast one universal breeze  
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### Hühnchenwinken.

„Was kann lieblicher sein  
Als des Kindes kindliches Spiel,  
Zu winken mit dem Händchen klein!  
Es ist des Lebens lebend'ges Gefühl,  
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Im Leben zu sein.“



## LETTER VIII.

### THE DISCOVERY OF LIFE.

#### BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Because he lives himself, the child  
Oft thinks that all things live,  
And pours his little heart upon  
That which no love can give.

But when his life, outreaching, meets  
With answering life around,  
His wistful eyes are lit with joy  
That comrades he has found.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

#### BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Tiny fingers in a row,  
Beckon to the chickens—so.  
Downy little chickens dear,  
Fingers say, “Come here ! come here !”  
Chick ! chick ! chick ! chick !  
Fingers say, “Come here ! come here !”  
Pretty chickens, soft and small,  
Do not fear—we love you all !

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DEAR ——: In his Descent of Man Mr. Darwin relates a story which seems to indicate that germs of the animism characteristic both of chil-

dren and savages may exist even in animals. "My dog," he writes, "a full-grown and very sensible animal, was lying on the ground during a hot and still day, but at a little distance a slight breeze occasionally moved an open parasol which would have been wholly disregarded by the dog had any one stood near it. As it was, every time that the parasol slightly moved the dog growled fiercely and barked. He must, I think, have reasoned to himself in a rapid and unconscious manner that movement without any apparent cause indicated the presence of some strange living agent, and no stranger had a right to be on his territory." \*

An even more remarkable example of canine intelligence is given by Mr. Fiske in *Myths and Myth Makers*. A skye terrier accustomed to obtain favors from his master by sitting on his haunches sat repeatedly before his pet India-rubber ball placed on the chimney-piece, evidently beseeching it to jump down and play with him. Can we explain his action without assuming that he believed his ball to be amenable to the same sort of appeal as his master?

I have referred to these stories because in some

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\* Cited in *Myths and Myth Makers*, p. 222.

studies of childhood the habit of imputing life to inanimate objects is invested with a significance to which it has no valid claim. We are prone to credit animism with the conscious recognition of soul, but it is evident that the dogs in these stories neither imputed souls to the ball and umbrella nor suspected souls in themselves. They simply lacked ability to discriminate between living, self-moving objects and objects not alive. Animism is a realm of confusions, a morning twilight of intelligence in whose obscurity all objects lose clear outline. The soul in the animistic stage of development is not awake, but on the verge of awakening. It is a dreamer knowing not that it dreams; a somnambulist, living, moving, thinking, in its sleep.

It is a momentous crisis when the soul makes the discovery of life, when emerging, as it were, from its trance, it recognizes a difference between moving and sentient creatures, and objects that are inert and devoid of feeling. Until we understand the marvel of this revelation we can never explain that most singular phenomenon of history—the worship of animals by nations in a relatively high state of culture. Of all peoples prior to the Greeks the Egyptians were the most advanced intellectually,

and scentless flower of the lake, shall stand at the gate of Paradise to judge the rest.” \* The faith that at death the souls of men enter into plants is common to many primitive peoples, and its vestiges may be traced both in mediæval legend and in popular superstition. Thus, in the story of Tristram and Isolde there springs from the grave of the former an eglantine which twines about the statue of his beloved, and in German folklore the soul “is supposed to take the form of a lily or a white rose, one of these flowers appearing on the chairs of those about to die.” † In Scandinavian mythology all mankind are descended from the ash and the elm. Buddhist books prove that in the early days of this religion “it was matter of controversy whether trees had souls, and, therefore, whether they might lawfully be injured. Orthodox Buddhism decided against tree souls, but insisted that certain devas or tree spirits reside in the bodies of trees and speak from within them.” “Buddha himself was such a tree genius forty-three

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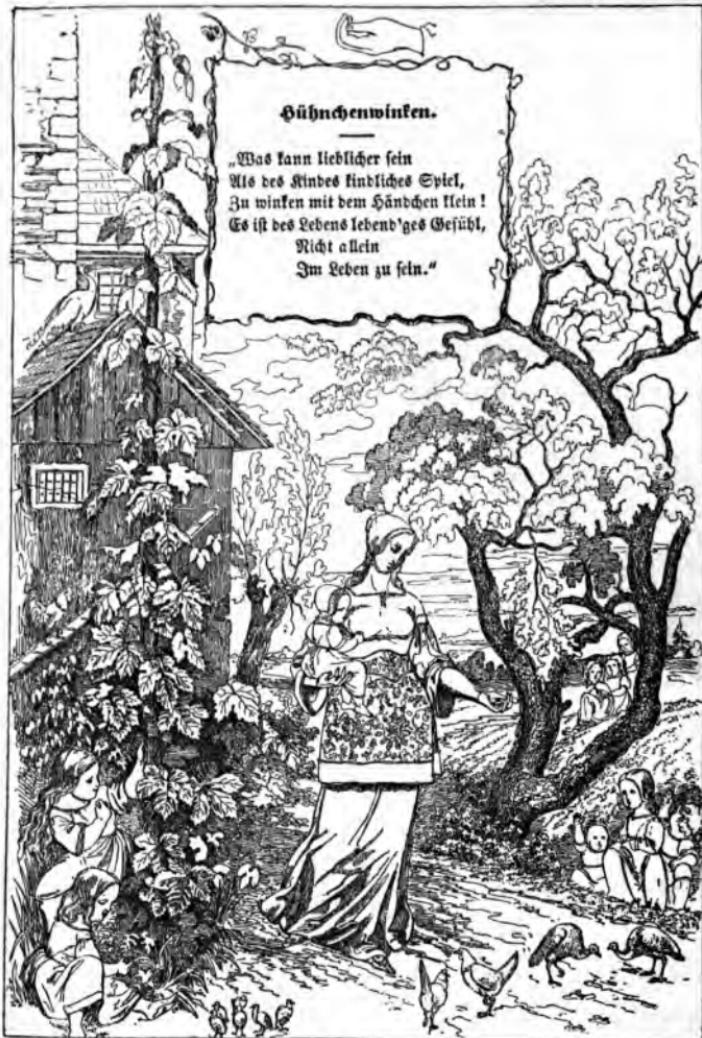
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### THE DISCOVERY OF LIFE.

#### BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Because he lives himself, the child  
Oft thinks that all things live,  
And pours his little heart upon  
That which no love can give.

But when his life, outreaching, meets  
With answering life around,  
His wistful eyes are lit with joy  
That comrades he has found.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

#### BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Tiny fingers in a row,  
Beckon to the chickens—so.  
Downy little chickens dear,  
Fingers say, “Come here ! come here !”  
Chick ! chick ! chick ! chick !  
Fingers say, “Come here ! come here !”  
Pretty chickens, soft and small,  
Do not fear—we love you all !

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DEAR ——: In his Descent of Man Mr. Darwin relates a story which seems to indicate that germs of the animism characteristic both of chil-

dren and savages may exist even in animals. "My dog," he writes, "a full-grown and very sensible animal, was lying on the ground during a hot and still day, but at a little distance a slight breeze occasionally moved an open parasol which would have been wholly disregarded by the dog had any one stood near it. As it was, every time that the parasol slightly moved the dog growled fiercely and barked. He must, I think, have reasoned to himself in a rapid and unconscious manner that movement without any apparent cause indicated the presence of some strange living agent, and no stranger had a right to be on his territory." \*

An even more remarkable example of canine intelligence is given by Mr. Fiske in *Myths and Myth Makers*. A skye terrier accustomed to obtain favors from his master by sitting on his haunches sat repeatedly before his pet India-rubber ball placed on the chimney-piece, evidently beseeching it to jump down and play with him. Can we explain his action without assuming that he believed his ball to be amenable to the same sort of appeal as his master?

I have referred to these stories because in some

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\* Cited in *Myths and Myth Makers*, p. 222.

studies of childhood the habit of imputing life to inanimate objects is invested with a significance to which it has no valid claim. We are prone to credit animism with the conscious recognition of soul, but it is evident that the dogs in these stories neither imputed souls to the ball and umbrella nor suspected souls in themselves. They simply lacked ability to discriminate between living, self-moving objects and objects not alive. Animism is a realm of confusions, a morning twilight of intelligence in whose obscurity all objects lose clear outline. The soul in the animistic stage of development is not awake, but on the verge of awakening. It is a dreamer knowing not that it dreams; a somnambulist, living, moving, thinking, in its sleep.

It is a momentous crisis when the soul makes the discovery of life, when emerging, as it were, from its trance, it recognizes a difference between moving and sentient creatures, and objects that are inert and devoid of feeling. Until we understand the marvel of this revelation we can never explain that most singular phenomenon of history—the worship of animals by nations in a relatively high state of culture. Of all peoples prior to the Greeks the Egyptians were the most advanced intellectually,

yet, in contrast with the Persians, who worshiped light, their religion was zoölatry. "To us," says Hegel, "zoölatry is repulsive. We may reconcile ourselves to the adoration of the material heaven, but the worship of brutes is alien to us. Yet it is certain that the nations who worshiped the sun and stars by no means occupy a higher grade than those who adored brutes. Quite the contrary is the truth, for in the brute world the Egyptians adored a hidden and incomprehensible principle. We also, when we contemplate the life and actions of brutes, are astonished at their instinct, the adaptation of their movements to the objects intended, their restlessness, excitability, and liveliness, for they are exceedingly quick and discerning in pursuing the ends of their existence, while they are at the same time silent and shut up within themselves. We can not make out what possesses these creatures. A black cat, with its glowing eyes and its now gliding, now quick and darting movement, has been deemed the presence of a malignant being, a mysterious reserved specter; the dog, the canary bird, on the contrary, appear friendly and sympathizing. The lower animals are the truly incomprehensible."

The worship of animals means that men have

made the discovery of *life*, but not the discovery of *spirit*. They have felt how far sentient existence surpasses all inanimate being, and understood that the living worm is a higher creation than the lifeless star. Realizing the mystery of sentient existence, but not attaining to solution of the mystery in free spirit, they worship animals in whom the soul is still shut up and dulled by the physical organization. This obtuse life is the counterpart of their obtuse consciousness.

Retracing the rise of thought from mere animism to animal worship, we begin to appreciate that epoch-making transition in the child's life disclosed by his distinction of living objects from objects not alive, and his identification of the former as belonging to the same class with himself. His ball is motionless save as he gives it movement. It is his own trot or gallop which transforms a mere stick into a horse. Even the doll's eyes open and shut only at his will. But the bird flies high in the air, the fish darts gayly through the water, the kitten laps her milk and purrs, the caged canary hops and sings, the dog runs and leaps, barks in his joy, growls when angry, whines when hurt. Here is movement, here is feeling, here is life answering to

life, and with eyes from which the scales have fallen the living child looks out upon all "singing, humming, whistling, buzzing, croaking, flying, creeping, crawling, climbing, burrowing, splashing, diving things," and knows that he has found comrades. Is it strange that his countenance is lighted with joy? Is it wonderful that all the doings of these new-found comrades have for him an irresistible charm?

Watching a mother who was teaching her baby to beckon with tiny finger to some little chickens, Froebel recognized the expression of "life's living feeling that it is not alone in life," and under the inspiration of this experience wrote the first in order of time of the Mother-Play Songs. In the picture which accompanies it he seeks to open our ears, so that we too may hear the call of life to life. He shows us a baby who, loving himself to coo and chatter, listens with delight to the gobbling turkey, the clucking hen, the peeping chickens. A little girl in whom stir incipient motherly impulses of watchfulness and care beckons the hen to come to her chickens. Her younger sister cares not for the mother-hen, but, crouched on the ground, watches intently the tiny chickens, to

whom she feels strangely akin. Each child sees in the "looking-glass of Nature" the energy that throbs in his own pulses. Life calls to life; life looks at life; life recognizes life; life experiences the joy of life. Therefore, whatever the little ones feel in their own hearts they confidently seek in the actions of their newly discovered comrades, and the lesson of our play is simply to reveal to children their own mysterious life through its reflection in the sentient creatures who have not yet risen above life into consciousness.

As Beckoning the Chickens sounds the call of life to life, so Beckoning the Pigeons repeats the answer of life to life. One reason why the child loves animals is because they can respond to him. His dog knows his voice, his goat obeys bridle and whip, his kitten enjoys caresses, and pigeons and sparrows fly to get the food he scatters for them. His experience is like that of Donatello, who "spoke in a dialect broad as the sympathies of Nature to the inarticulate brotherhood that prowl the woods or soar upon the wing"; or, if you prefer historic to imaginary examples, like the relationship of St. Francis to his brethren the birds, and like the experience of Thoreau, in whose hands fish

Täubchenwinken.

„Was das Kind erfreuen kann,  
Mutter sieht's am Aug' ihm an;  
Was im Kind sich dunkel regt,  
Mutter sturzvoll gern es pflegt.“



would lie quietly, as if knowing the touch of a friend.\*

At an age when true companionship with mature human beings is impossible and the companionship of child with child somewhat marred by mutual defect, the companionship of the child with the mute creatures to whom he already feels himself strangely superior, and therefore strangely bound, is of the utmost importance. It discloses elementary traits and elementary relationships, and thus accelerates the progress of self-discovery; it reveals in naked hideousness propensities of anger, vanity, and greed, which in the human being early seek masks and disguises; and, most important of all, it calls forth the impulses of care and nurture.

Since the activities of animals are preponderantly reflex and instinctive they have a stability which is not to be looked for in the actions of human beings. We can predict with tolerable certainty what a dog will do under all circumstances, but we can utter no confident prophecy with regard

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\* Miss Cody, of Toronto, tells me she knows a little boy whose companionship with birds is so sympathetic that many of them gather round him in response to a cooing sound which he makes.

to the actions of growing and unfolding men and women. The little child soon learns that his generally patient nurse will sometimes be cross, his tender mother will sometimes be stern, his yielding playmates will sometimes become aggressive. His first experience of human nature, therefore, is that it is not to be relied upon. His perplexity is increased by the fact that persons sometimes say one thing when they mean another, and the very existence of ideal standards to which the most conscientious effort is not always able to square conduct introduces another element of uncertainty into his judgments. Recognizing our human instability, we appreciate the questions with which Froebel closes his commentary on Beckoning the Pigeons: "Mother, did not your children respond more quickly to your words when they were too young to understand the meaning of words than they do now when this meaning is clear to them? Why is this? Must the animals teach us? In their language, word and fact, fact and word, word and deed, deed and word, are always one and the same!"

Since Helen is interested in the child-study movement I suppose she has considered the sugges-

tion that fables of animals should be told in the kindergarten, and I hope she feels as I do, that most fables are open to objection, because they deal with motives beyond the range of childish experience. Rousseau made an analysis of the fable of La Fontaine which relates how the fox by flattering the raven induced her to sing, and then ran away with the meat she dropped in opening her mouth. Do we wish to inoculate children with suspicion and distrust? The snake which the farmer warmed in his bosom only to be stung, the fox calling the grapes he could not reach sour, are other examples of meanings we would not willingly make accessible to childish imagination. A second objection to most fables is that their symbolism is artificial and the animals they portray are not true brutes but human beings in brute disguise. Discarding such artificial symbols, we discover the real life of animals to be symbolic because it presents analogies to human emotions, relationships, and experiences. Actual contact with animal life and actual care of animal pets are better for little children than stories about animals, although the latter are valuable as interpreters of experience. It seems to me the Animal Songs of the Mother-Play, with

their accompanying pictures, meet quite adequately the needs of children under six years of age.

Having recognized his kinship with bird and beast, the child begins to imitate both. I need not expand this theme, for you have written me how Harold turns himself into every animal he sees, and how almost impossible it is to follow his rapidly shifting incarnations. One sentence in your letter suggests the reflection that this tendency to imitate animals should be carefully watched and guided. For if Harold can care so much to be a chicken that he actually climbs the perch to roost with his feathered friends, and if in his ambition to be a mother-hen he has crouched for an hour over an egg, he might be betrayed into repeating actions injurious to his moral development. Froebel has been singularly wise in the animal activities he has selected for imitation. It is well to spring with the squirrel, gallop with the horse, fly with the bird, swim with the fish. It is well to win from the far-flying, home-coming pigeons the prescient joy of a broadening experience, and the prophecy of that luminous and illuminating love which sanctifies experience. It is well to learn from the Grass-Mowing Game how man has bent the brute to service, from the Knights

the mastery of life by spirit, from the Barnyard the care and kindness we owe to the creatures upon whom we have set our yoke. The more we study these plays the greater will be our respect for the unerring judgment which enabled Froebel to omit nothing in animal life which could nourish ideal impulse and to avoid everything which might debase the human soul.

The Fish in the Brook is an illustration of that higher symbolism which pierces to the soul of a natural object. The joyous motion of the fish in clear water, the ease with which in its strong flight the bird cleaves the air, are true physical counterparts of spiritual activity in a pure element, and therefore thrill the soul with their prophecy of freedom. “True hope,” says Shakespeare, “is swift, and flies with swallow’s wings.” The poet in Timon of Athens declares that his poem shall “fly an eagle flight bold, and forth on, leaving no track behind,” and Richard Lovelace exactly interprets the prophecy of Froebel’s play when he writes:

If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

### Bogelnest.

„Kindeslich' im Bilde zu erkennen,  
Sieht Du schon das Kind erfreun;  
Willst Du drum Dein Kind be-  
glücken,  
Mach' das Bild ihm oft erneun;  
Dass das, was im Leben wahr,  
Werd' auch im Gemüth ihm klar.“



In proportion to his recognition of that mystery of sentient existence which is the tie between him and his brethren of the forest and the field will be the child's desire to seek in animal relationships the counterpart of his own. Perhaps it would be more nearly true to say that in their relationships he discovers his own. Some degree of separation is presupposed in all recognition, and the child's life with his parents and in his home is so intimate that it forbids acquaintance. Hence, just as in the first three of his animal games, Froebel reveals life and free activity in the next two, the Bird's Nest and the Pigeon House, he holds up a looking-glass wherein the young heart may discover its mother and its home.

Is it necessary for me to say that while the Bird's Nest offers the most touching example of mother love and filial response, you should search through animal life for different versions of the one sweet story? Froebel gives you one typical play. You are to elicit its ideal and from this ideal create new plays and stories as life furnishes the occasion.

The commentary to the Bird's Nest rises from mother love to the motherly love of God. A story related by Eckermann in his Conversations with

Goethe has so helped me to enter intimately into Froebel's thought that I can not forbear copying it for you:

“A nest of young hedge sparrows with one of the old birds which had been caught with birdlime had lately been brought me. I saw with admiration that the bird not only continued to feed its young in my chamber, but even when set free through the window returned to them again. Such parental love, superior to danger and imprisonment, moved me deeply, and I expressed my surprise to Goethe.

“‘Foolish man!’ he replied, with a meaning smile; ‘if you believed in God you would not wonder. Did not God inspire the bird with this all-powerful love for its young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate Nature, the world could not subsist. But thus is the divine energy everywhere diffused, and divine love everywhere active.’”

“Goethe made a similar remark,” adds his biographer, “a short time ago, when a copy of Myron’s cow with the suckling calf was sent him by a young sculptor.

“‘Here,’ said he, ‘we have a subject of the highest sort—the nourishing principle which up-

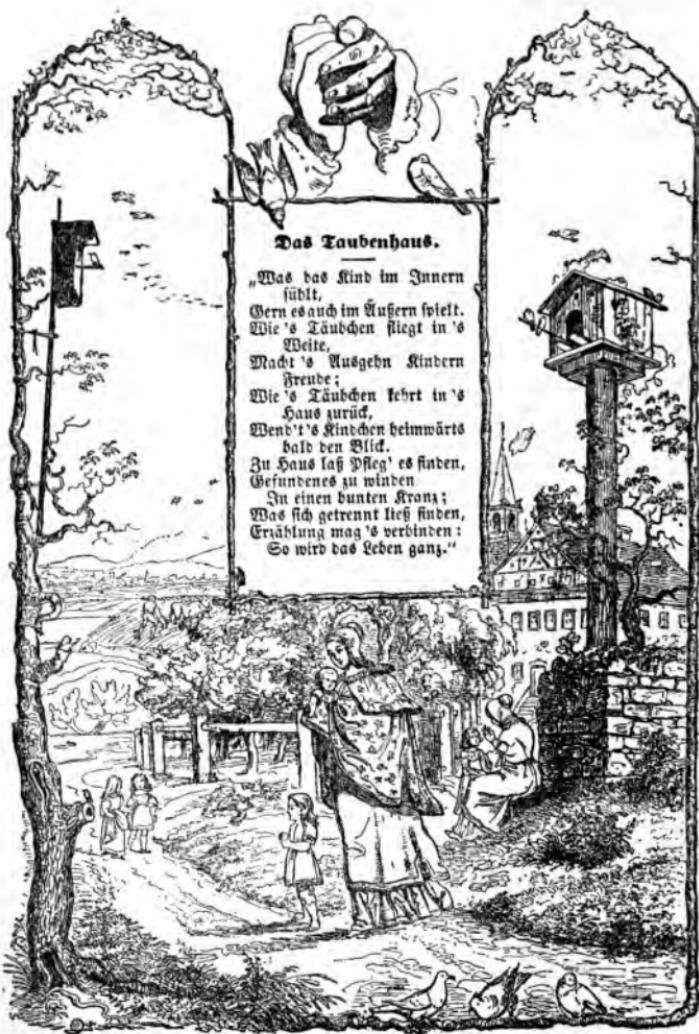
holds the world and pervades all Nature is here brought before our eyes by a beautiful symbol. This and similar images I call the true symbols of the omnipresence of God.' "

The persistent attempt of Nature to develop any ideal implies the realization of this ideal in the author of Nature. Hence, from the tendency of Nature to evolve life we infer life in her source; from her tendency to evolve consciousness we conclude that a conscious personality incites her blind effort; from the favor she shows to animals, who through nurture of their young begin what Mr. Drummond has called "the struggle for the life of others," our faith leaps upward toward an altruistic God and our hope bounds forward toward an altruistic humanity.

The more truly we understand symbolism the more clearly do we comprehend that all things are symbolic. Moreover, there is an ascent of symbols. The care of the flower for its seed points upward to the care of the bird for its egg, care for the egg points to care for the young; the brute mother prophesies the human mother; the human mother predicts universal nurture of the weak by the strong; whether the strong be men or women;

### **Das Taubenhaus.**

„Was das Kind im Innern  
fühlt,  
Gern es auch im Außen spielt.  
Wie's Täubchen fliegt in's  
Weite,  
Macht's Ausgehn Kindern  
Freude;  
Wie's Täubchen lehrt in's  
Haus zurück,  
Wend't's Knechen heimwärts  
holt den Bild.  
Zu Haus las Pfleg' es finden,  
Gefundenes zu werten  
In einen bunten Kronz;  
Was sich getrennt ließ finden,  
Fräulein mag's verbinden:  
So wird das Leben ganz.“



universal nurture of weak humanity by strong humanity points upward to God, whose whole life is a nurture of feeble souls into the strength and beauty of his divine image. Each lower stage of this cosmic process fulfills the next inferior and prophesies the next higher, so that the ascent of life is always from the symbol to a reality which becomes at once the prophecy of a higher revelation.

As the Bird's Nest suggests ascending forms of nurturing love, so the Pigeon House interprets the ever-deepening meanings of home. The snail has his shell, the serpent his hole, the wild bird its nest, the domestic pigeon its house. From animal homes Froebel's picture rises to the home of man, and thence to the Church, the earthly home of the soul and of God. But no creature stays forever in its home, for that were to lose home. So our picture shows us pigeons flying from and to the pigeon house, a mother and children taking their walk abroad, two little girls returning from an outing and absorbed in what they are saying to each other about the afternoon's experiences, and a mother who seems to be teaching her child to reproduce in play all this outgoing, incoming life. In

the motto and commentary Froebel apprizes us that the mother should teach her child to weave into a whole the fragments of his experience, and thus, alternating the excursive with the collected state of the soul, live at home with himself. Finally, since the state of inner collectedness is the state of devotion, and all feeling of the wholeness of life rises into communion with the source of life, the soul at home in itself is at home with God. In such wise do our song, picture and commentary repeat the prophecy of Nature, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests," and disclose to us its fulfillment in the promise of a final home for the soul, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

Were I writing to any one but you I should expect an answering letter which would remind me that thoughts such as these are for grown people and not for little children. To such a letter I should in turn reply that the Mother-Play is a mother's, or, better still, a parent's book. That it is also a child's book, and the sweetest of all books for children, I devoutly believe, and, as I have said again and again, its chief merit is that it finds in typical concrete experiences points of contact for

the evolution of ideals in the young child, in his older brothers and sisters, in his father and mother. May not Harold see himself in the forth-flying, home-coming pigeons, and as he listens to their cooing may not the suggestion that they are telling each other where they have been stir in his little heart the desire to tell you what he has seen and done while absent from you? May not Robert and James, Edith and Mary, watching you win Harold to confidence by the example of the pigeons, feel in themselves a stronger impulse to open to you their hearts and minds? Would not your eldest born write you with greater frankness of his college life and his vacation journeys had he at Harold's age formed that habit of tender intimacy which through Froebel you are learning to create in your baby? Is not your own study of the Pigeon House helping you to be at once more courageous and more sympathetic; teaching you that "to make room for wandering is it that the world was made so wide"; convincing you that you must restrict your children to no temporal or provincial life, and yet that while educating them for the citizenship of the world and the inheritance of the ages, you must keep them true to the "kindred points of heaven and

home"? Are you not growing to understand that the human soul can dwell permanently in no spiritual home save one of its own building? Are you not making it your conscious aim to so illuminate the minds of your sons and daughters with the eternal principles of spiritual architecture that you may securely hope they will hereafter fit the separate stones of experience they quarry from life into noble temples of the soul? And—one question more—are you not realizing with an ever-increasing clearness that just because of that eternal procession of the divine thought we call the universe God himself dwells in an eternal home? Answering these questions to your own heart you will comprehend how a really typical fact appeals to minds in all stages of development and will recognize with fresh amazement Froebel's daringly original conception of ministering to what is deepest in the mature soul through that which appeals most sympathetically to the childish heart and imagination.

If you carry out the plan mentioned in your last letter, and really organize a mother's club for the study of Froebel's mottoes, songs, and commentaries, I hope that your very first meeting may be

devoted to the Pigeon House, and that you will strive to stir in the mind of every mother present the conscious ideal of seeking heart intimacy with her children. Your letters show that you mourn the lack of that unabashed and yearning confidence which is the pledge of filial dependence. Your experience is, unfortunately, not an exceptional one. The ordinary American family is not a family in any true sense of the word, but a mere assemblage of isolated and independent units under the shelter of a single roof. Parents do not know their children, children do not know their parents, and brothers and sisters are strangers to each other's tastes, pleasures, hopes, and disappointments. This crying defect in our domestic life can be overcome only by a clearer conception of the affections, sympathies, and duties arising out of parental, filial, and fraternal relationships. Surely the solitary are not set in families in order that they may remain in solitude!

From the animal as revealer of life and its relationships Froebel passes first to the mastery of the animal by force, and second to its mastery through domestication. Whatever we may think of the Shadow Songs, we must recognize that they deal

### **Das Häschchen.**

Der Mutter liebe Hand,  
Macht's Häschchen an die Wand.

„Erhebt das Licht auch gleich die  
weiße Wand,  
So kommt dennnoch auf ihr  
sein Bild zu Stand.  
Erst wenn des Menschen Hand  
mit funkschwander Kraft  
Im Schein des Lichtes vor der  
Wand Kunstvolles schafft;  
Erst dann erscheint ein schönes  
Legebild,  
Das Deines Kindes Herz mit  
froher Lust erfüllt.—  
Drum läßt' im Spiele schon des  
Kindes Bildnerkraft,  
Dah, eink vereinet mit des  
ew'gen Lichtes Macht,  
Aus Lebenshütern selbst, sie  
schön Gebildet schafft,  
Und Du im Kindespiel schon  
Mannesinn bedacht.“



with a phase of man's relationship to the brute creation which historically has been a most important one, and which is destined to continue until all animals are extirpated except those which can be domesticated or which in their natural state do not hinder the extension of civilization. The Egyptians would allow human beings to perish by famine rather than kill one of their sacred animals, and once, when a Roman in Alexandria killed a cat, an insurrection ensued in which the infuriated populace murdered the aggressor.\* Buddhism today declares it a sin to take animal life, so no Buddhist could consistently celebrate a hunter or show children Froebel's shadow pictures. But we eat food and wear furs which the hunter provides, and each one of us wages unrelenting war against mice, spiders, flies, and mosquitoes. Either we are wrong in hunting and trapping these living creatures, in eating animal food, and wearing animal raiment, or we can not sit in judgment on the hunter. Moreover, unless wild beasts are exterminated civilization can not extend, and if we honor St. Patrick for purging Ireland of serpents, how may we refuse honor to the huntsman who in

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\* Hegel's Philosophy of History.  
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### Wolf und Schwein.

„Was nur das Kind umgibt,  
Das Kind im Bilde sieht:  
Sei Wolf es, sei es Schwein,  
Das Kind kann es erfreun;  
Zu sehn des Thieres Weise,  
Laucht 's Kind gar gern und  
leise.  
Doch thuer Dir dabei  
Des Kindes Reinheit sei.“

his attack upon tigers, panthers, and boars is really the pioneer of progress.

Whether young children may be shown pictures of a hunter or told stories celebrating his deeds is another question. In my judgment it is one of many whose general purport is how far the shadow side of life should be presented to immature minds, and all of which must be met as their occasion arises.

It must be conceded that Froebel has presented this delicate subject in its least objectionable light. The story implied in the picture of the hare is identical with our traditional nursery rhyme Bye-baby Bunting. The hunter is a father who through the chase provides for the needs of his children, and who with thoughtful affection brings home a living pet for his little daughter. Two other Shadow Songs relate to the destruction of the wolf and wild boar, both of which are fierce and dangerous animals. Finally, in a suggestive picture Froebel shows us that the wolves have been busy in the sheepfold, and have carried off and devoured a lamb.

Every natural fact, says Emerson, has a higher value as a symbol. Froebel's commentaries on the

Shadow Songs indicate that he was thinking of the beast in man as well as the beast in the world. The wolf and boar must become extinct in man, and each human being must be a hunter who in the tangled forest of the soul meets and slays the beasts that skulk there. Failing in his duty as spiritual huntsman, he becomes a demon. This unconquered bestiality which sinks reasonable man lower than the irrational brute is strikingly imaged by Dante in the man-wolf, the man-bull, and the man-serpent of his *Inferno*, and by Goethe in his evolution of Mephistopheles from the dog.

It was doubtless with intention that Froebel illustrated the outer and inner mastery of the brute by shadow pictures. For as shadows are produced by intercepting light, so the dense body of our ignorance, barring the passage of that universal reason which is the light of spirit, gives rise to all the problems which torment our minds. Among these problems few are more serious than those connected with the brute creation. No less to us than to the ancients is animal life one of the chief of mysteries, but the mystery has changed its form. To the Egyptian, as we have seen, the animal soul, shut up within its physical organization and dulled

thereby, seemed divine. "Spirit had," says Hegel, "a band around its forehead." Itself imprisoned, it worshiped the imprisoned spirit of animals. To the modern world, which has torn the band from its forehead, the problem changes its nature. Ourselves conscious and conscious of consciousness, we look with dismay upon creatures who, lacking reason, share with us the mystery of sentient existence. In a sermon entitled *Mysteries of Nature and of Grace*, Cardinal Newman has put this problem before us in all its force. "We behold," he writes, "the spectacle of brute nature, of impulses, feelings, propensities, passions, which in us are ruled or repressed by a superintending reason, but from which when ungovernable we shrink as fearful and hateful because in us they would be sin. Millions of irrational creatures surround us, and it would seem as though the Creator had left part of his work in its original chaos, so monstrous are these beings which move and feel and act without reflection and without principle. To matter he has given laws. He has divided the moist and the dry, the heavy and the rare, the light and the dark. He has placed the land as a boundary for the sea, a perpetual precept which it shall not pass. He has

tamed the elements and made them servants of the universal good, but the brute beasts pass to and fro in their wildness and their isolation, no yoke on their neck or bit in their lips, the enemies of all they meet, yet without the capacity of self-love. They live on each other's flesh; their eyes, their teeth, their claws, their muscles, their voices, their walk, their structure within, all speak of violence and blood. They seem made to inflict pain; they rush on their prey with fierceness and devour it with greediness. There is scarce a passion or a feeling which is sin in man but is found brute and irresponsible in them. Rage, wanton cruelty, hatred, sullenness, jealousy, revenge, cunning, malice, lust, envy, vainglory, gluttony—each has its representative. Is it not marvelous that the All-Wise and All-Good should have poured over the face of his fair creation these rude existences, that *they* should divide the earth with man, and should be actual lords of a great portion of its surface?" \*

It is a half-hearted faith which blinks at problems. To really trust God is to dare to look every mystery straight in the face, and when we so dare

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\* Sermons to Mixed Congregations.

and so look we begin to find our answer. To the mystery of animal life the answer seems to me clear and decisive. We are told that in our whole vast universe a single atom of matter is never destroyed. That which has once had being never ceases to be. But life is more than mere being: it is a luminous spark which may flame into spirit. Can God suffer this luminous spark to go out in utter darkness, or must the divine breath blow it into flame?

The cumulative evidence of all facts known to us points to idealism for their adequate interpretation, and as I suggested to you in my last letter, idealism means that the only realities in the world are God and the souls in whom he progressively creates his image. Evolution is not material, but spiritual, and the series and procession of vegetable and animal forms is only the semblance of a series and procession of souls. No soul perishes; all ascend through "the spires of form" to humanity. The human form is final and permanent because it is the form of consciousness which is all-inclusive. Below man individuality is in process of making. But you will be you and I shall be I forever, because we can include all wisdom, all goodness, and all love in our individual conscious-

ness. Accepting this truth, we can survey with untroubled minds that world display of mutual carnage which is the method of developing energy, courage, and all the traits which, when redeemed from selfishness, become the mainstays of selfhood.\*

Am I allowing myself to be betrayed into writing you of questions which, while they may have a speculative interest for you and me, are without

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\* In his *Psychologic Foundations of Education*, p. 233, Dr. Harris confesses his faith that "permanent individuality may exist as low as the animals—indeed, it is probable that it does so exist, for the world seems to be a sort of cradle for the nurture of independent individuality."

Referring to animals, one of the authors of *Lux Mundi* (p. 91) writes as follows:

"What are they? Had they a past? May they not have a future? What is the relation of their consciousness to the mighty life which pulses within the universe? May not Eastern speculation about these things be nearer the truth than Western science?" Evidently the writer of these questions was inwardly convinced of their answer.

In the Christ of To-Day Dr. Gordon thus boldly avows his conviction:

"The ultimate center of all the force that shapes from within and all the energy that stimulates from without is the personal being of God. This is the eternal reality of the universe. What we call things are but the various and transient processions of the infinite personal soul; what we call animal life is but the divine differentiated into temporary, semi-independent existence; what we call man is but the primal personality uttered in terms of its own highest being, the finite lifted into the image of the Infinite and ordained to perpetual fellowship with him."

practical bearing on the subject of nursery education? If this doubt has flitted through your mind, remember that your very last letter contained a pitiful account of your vain effort to console little Edith when her pet canary was killed by her kitten. She understood that she must forgive her kitten because "it knew no better," but she wanted to know what had become of her bird, and you could not tell her. Had you really believed that no life perishes and no attained degree of individuality is ever lost, might you not have found true and simple words with which to soothe the real anguish of her loving heart?

Many minor questions are suggested in Froebel's Shadow Songs, but as both your patience and my time have limits I forbear to touch them, and hasten to indicate as briefly as possible the lesson of the Barnyard. Mastery by force is only the semblance of mastery. All true mastery is mastery of love. The triumphant march of the Mother-Play is from the child as a mere object of nurture to the child with nascent consciousness of becoming himself a nurturer. "Answer me," says Froebel, "but one question. What is the supreme gift you would bestow on the children who are the life

of your life, the soul of your soul? Would you not above all other things render them capable of giving nurture? Would you not endow them with the courage and constancy which the ability to give nurture implies? Mother, father, has not our common effort been directed toward just this end? . . . Has not our inmost longing been to capacitate our children for this inexpressible privilege?"

Our educational practice is halting and vacillating because we look toward no sure goal of our endeavor. Froebel is steadfast and consistent because he knows exactly what he wishes to do. Defining education as the nurture of nurturers, he treads with unhesitating feet the path which climbs toward his accepted goal. His educational aim is determined by his world view. Accepting with regenerate intellect that doctrine of incarnation which is the kernel of Christianity, he recognizes that it lies in the nature of God to communicate his own perfection to his creatures. Such a God is a God of self-imparting love, who can never be satisfied with giving until he has given all he has and all he is. Hence he is the supreme nurturer, and the goal of creation is a community of souls in whom he has perfected his own image. Conversely, if God

can incarnate himself, then humanity can be the receptacle of the divine. Finally, as each man ascends into the divine image he becomes a sharer in divine activity, and from an object of nurture is transformed into a nurturer.

Least things are explained by greatest, and only as you sympathize with Froebel's final aim can you realize the importance of actual care for plants and animals and understand the significance of the Barnyard Play as a means of quickening the sense of responsibility and granting to childhood some prescience of the joy which springs from the exercise of nurturing love.

When we study the past history of our earth we become aware that Nature has been undergoing a gradual pacification. Cyclones, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, the wild fury of the sea, are but faint echoes of the convulsions of long-vanished days. There was an age when vegetable life ran riot and no animal could cope with its resistless strength. There was a time when great mastodons and ichthyosauri were masters of the earth. There will come a time when man shall be not only theoretically but practically lord of creation, when he shall have drained the swamp, fertilized the desert,

### Das Hoftor.

Was die Mutterliebe losend treibt,  
Scheint's das Kind auch noch nicht  
zu verstehen,  
Kannst die Frucht auch lange ihr  
nicht leben,  
Doch dem Kind als Lebendmitgab'  
bleibt.  
Darum lehr' Dein Kind so früh  
bewahren,  
Was ihm lieb, vor des Verlust's  
Gefahren;  
Denn was Mutterliebe losend  
treibt,  
Gibt dem Kind als Lebendmitgab'  
bleibt."



subdued the riotous vegetable life of South America, extirpated the irredeemable brute, domesticated all animals capable of moral and mental improvement, and when, himself regenerate, he shall rule a regenerate earth. Symbol and prophecy of that happy time is the little child in the Barnyard, a new Adam in a new paradise, to whom God giveth the beasts of the field for a heritage and the fowls of the air for a possession.

The discovery of life, the response of life to life, the prophecy of freedom, the disclosure of human and divine love, the revelation of human and divine homes, the extinction of the savage beast in the world and in the soul, the vision of nurtured and nurturing life—such are the truths Froebel holds up to the imagination of the child and the thought of the mother in his *Animal Songs*. What aspect of animal life has he ignored? To what worthy analogy has he been blind?

### Die Fischlein.

„Wo sich reges Leben zeigt,  
Kindleins Aug' dahin sich neigt;  
Wo sich's zeigt im Klaren, Hellen,  
Heben's Herzchen Freudenwellen.  
Mutter, wollst ihm diesen Sinn  
bewahren,  
Stets zu freuen sich am Frischen,  
Klaren.“



## LETTER IX.

### A PROPHECY OF FREEDOM.

#### THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

A child regards with new delight  
Each living thing that meets his sight;  
But when within the limpid stream  
He sees the fishes dart and gleam,  
Or when, through pure transparent space  
The bird's swift flight he tries to trace,  
Their freer motion fills his heart  
With joy that seems of it a part—  
A joy that speaks diviner birth,  
While yet he treads the ways of earth.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

#### THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

Merry little fishes,  
In the brook at play,  
Floating in the shallows,  
Darting swift away.

“Happy little fishes, come and play with me !”  
“No, O no !” the fishes say, “that can never be !”

Pretty bodies curving,  
Bending like a bow,  
Through the clear, bright water,  
See them swiftly go.

“Happy little fishes, may we play with you ?”  
“No, O no !” the fishes say, “that would never do !”

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DEAR ——: In that great city of Weissnichtwo, which Carlyle has made so famous and which, as all students of spiritual geography know, is situated just within the borders of modern Utopia, there lives and works a kindergarten trainer who has succeeded in approximately realizing the ideals toward which all training schools are striving. Just as I was beginning to collect my thoughts on the Fish in the Brook I received from her a letter which said all I wanted to say, and which I have therefore decided to copy and send to you instead of writing you myself.

How I wish, dear friend [so begins her letter], that you could have attended our conference yesterday. I came home from the meeting the happiest of women. The reason of my happiness? That is what I am going to tell you just as fast as I can.

It was a stormy afternoon, and I knew in advance that we should have an inspiring meeting, because only those who were most earnest would brave the tempest. Those who came to object and criticise; those who came because it might help their chances of promotion; those who came because others came; those who came from mechanical

habit, carried to the place of meeting, as it were, by a series of automatic leg reflexes, would all be absent, and we should not feel the weight of their leaden atmosphere. As I entered the room I looked around, and my spiritual temperature began to rise. For there they were, all my bravest, dearest, best, and their kindling eyes told me they felt as I felt. Were we very wicked to be so glad we were alone?

As you know, the meetings are informal, and each one speaks as the spirit moves her. The subject is chosen in advance, and printed slips are given the students suggesting the questions to be discussed. The subject for this afternoon was the play of the Fish in the Brook, and the questions given the preceding week were as follows:

1. Why does Froebel call this play The Fish in the Brook?
2. Why does the child try to seize the fish?
3. What experience comes to him through catching the fish?
4. What general truths are illustrated in his desire for the fish, his seizure, and its results?
5. Can self-activity be perfect so long as it is in any degree dependent upon an external environment?

6. In the higher forms of self-activity is the mind more and more self-environing?

7. Is it equally true to say that it is only by ascent into the divine life that man realizes his freedom?

8. Can you harmonize these two statements?

You do not need to be told that the questions are only intended to incite thought, nor yet that, far from insisting upon following their order, I myself always try to follow the order in which the class develops the idea of the play. Even if you were not already familiar with our kindergarten method it would, I think, reveal itself in the course of this letter.

The discussion this afternoon was opened by Miss ——. You remember her, do you not, the dear little kindergartner with the New England conscience, whom we used to call our categorical imperative? She had been reading Professor James's Psychology, and was very unhappy over the following statements:

“If evolution and the survival of the fittest be true at all, the destruction of prey and of human rivals must have been among the most important of man's primitive functions; the fighting and the

chasing instincts must have become ingrained. Certain perceptions must immediately, and without the intervention of inferences and ideas, have prompted emotions and motor discharges; and both the latter must, from the nature of the case, have been very violent, and therefore, when unchecked, of an intensely pleasurable kind. It is just because human bloodthirstiness is such a primitive part of us that it is so hard to eradicate, especially where a fight or a hunt is promised as part of the fun.” \*

“ In illustration of this thesis,” said Miss ——, “ Mr. James quotes from Fowler the statement that ‘every one knows what pleasure a boy takes in the sight of a butterfly, fish, crab, or other animal, or of a bird’s nest; . . . how he delights in pulling out the wings and legs of flies, and tormenting one animal or another; . . . with what irresistible strength the plundering of birds’ nests attracts him without his having the least intention of eating the eggs or the young birds.† . . . Our ferocity,’ concludes Mr. James, ‘is blind, and can only be explained from *below*. Could we trace it back

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\* Principles of Psychology, vol. ii, p. 412.

† Ibid., p. 411.

through our line of descent we should see it taking more and more the form of a fatal reflex response, and at the same time becoming more and more the pure and direct emotion that it is.' ” \*

Having read these extracts, Miss — confessed that they had greatly troubled her. She had seen her little nephew when only a year old stamp on the ants which were running along the stone walk, and a few months later amuse himself for more than an hour by striking at the lake flies which thickened the air. Could it be, as Mr. James suggested, that “ all living creatures tempt children’s hands to a fascinating occupation to which they have to yield? ” and “ that it is with them as with the boy fiend Jesse Pomeroy, who cut a little girl’s throat ‘ just to see how she would act ’? ” Must we admit that this was why the child tried to catch the fish, and was it possible that the sight of a bird’s nest only incited him to plunder it? If so, what became of Froebel’s suggestion that the source of the child’s delight in the fish was its free movement in a pure element, and that what his heart sought in the bird’s nest was a revelation of mother love?

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\* *Principles of Psychology*, vol. ii, p. 414.

There was a thoughtful pause as Miss — took her seat, but I was glad to see that while some of the class looked startled no one seemed dismayed. The witness of the spirit within them was evidently strong. I remained quiet, knowing that before long this spirit would find utterance, and I was delighted that the first person who rose should be our best practical kindergartner and dearest lover of little children. She began by saying that while Mr. James's explanation of the impulse to seize and catch was quite new to her, she had been contrasting other explanations of the physiological psychologists and child students with those of Froebel, and it had occurred to her that while the latter sought the rudimentary forms of all higher human activities the former were interested in the vestiges of our savage and brute inheritance. "Such a difference of interest must result both in concentrating attention upon different manifestations of childhood and in different explanations of the same manifestations. Froebel had studied the favorite occupations and amusements of little children because he discovered in them parallels to each of the typical forms of adult activity. In the love of pet animals and the desire to plant gardens he recog-

nized the impulses of the herdsman and the agriculturist. He found sewing, weaving, building, molding, drawing, painting, dancing, singing, all practiced by little children and encouraged by wise parents. He observed that in their spontaneous games children imitated family and social life, founded states, and reproduced in their own way the ideals of religion. In a word, he discovered in the spontaneous self-revelations of childhood the embryonic forms of all truly human activities, and by simply explaining what children were trying to do and creating instrumentalities through which their efforts might be wisely abetted he transformed play into education.

"The physiological child students set themselves a different problem. Their interest was in survivals. The distention of the nostrils in anger, for example, had challenged the attention of Mr. Spencer, and was interpreted by him as 'an echo of the way in which our ancestors had to breathe when during combat their mouth was filled up by a part of an antagonist's body which had been seized.' In similar vein Dr. Hall had interpreted both the charm and fear of water as a soul vestige of the 'volume of life that had been lived aquatically,'

'the fear of big eyes and teeth as ancestral reverberations from the long ages of struggle with savage beasts and savage men, and fears of wind and thunder to telluric and cosmic conditions now modified or extinct.' Dr. Hall had, moreover, emphatically claimed, as the chief value of the movement with which he was identified, that it 'introduced evolution into the study of the soul, and had thus begun a movement bigger than Darwinism, and destined to shelve our cross-section adult psychology beside the old biological literature on fixed species.' "

In illustration of different possible explanations of the same activity Miss —— suggested that boys liked to climb trees, and one might accentuate in interpretation of this propensity either that the love of climbing was an inheritance from a monkey ancestry, that it was an expression of the desire to exert force and conquer difficulties, or, finally, that an ideal motive was stirred by the vision of the whole landscape as seen from the top of the tree.

"Doubtless," added the speaker, "there is an element of truth in each of these explanations, but the point to be observed is that as the hereditary impulses wane the ideal impulse waxes. The latter is therefore the one with which education is

chiefly concerned, and is that which is emphasized by Froebel." She then read the following extract from *The Education of Man*:

"It is not alone the desire to use his power that prompts the boy to seek adventure high and low, far and wide; it is the desire to control the diversity of things; to see individual things in their connection with a whole, especially to bring near that which is remote; to comprehend the outer world in its extent, its diversity, its integrity; it is the desire to extend his scope step by step.

"To climb a new tree means to the boy the discovery of a new world. The outlook from above shows everything so different from the ordinary cramped and distorted side view. How clear and distinct everything lies beneath him! Could we but recall the feelings that filled our hearts and souls in boyhood, when the narrow limits of our surroundings sank before our extended view we should not cry out to the boy: 'Come down! you might fall!'" \*

Miss —— then repeated with great simplicity Stevenson's poem *Foreign Lands*. "Stevenson and Froebel," she said in conclusion, "have truly de-

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\* *Education of Man*. Hailmann's Translation, pp. 102-103.

ciphered the hieroglyphic of childish feeling. Their explanation is poetic and educational. The explanation by simian descent is of value chiefly to the scientist. Is not the truth, as Emerson tells us, that we stand on a stairway with steps below and steps above us? We have come from below, we are mounting toward the height, and the step on which we stand is related both to those below and those above us. But it is more important to know whither we are going than whence we have come, and just because Froebel sought for prophecies rather than vestiges he is thus far the greatest of child students."

No pause followed the conclusion of Miss ——'s remarks. She had touched the chords to which all Froebelian sympathies respond, and her last words had scarcely died upon the air when one whom our students call the elect thinker was opening to us new vistas of truth. "Miss ——," she began, "has shown us very clearly that the genesis of an activity is not a revelation of its nature, and that metamorphosis is implied in all spiritual as well as in all physical evolution. It remains for us to seek the tie which binds together the separate stages of our evolutionary process, or, in other

words, to discover the inner impulsion which unifies all the metamorphoses of life and thought. Granting, therefore, that the child's seizure of the fish is originally an automatic response to external challenge; admitting that his pugnacious instinct is the survival of an ancestral series of violent and hence pleasurable emotions; and agreeing with Mr. James that the point of departure for the whole series was the destruction of prey and of human rivals, let us ask ourselves the simple question, Why does the savage pursue prey and attack competitors? Is not the answer self-evident? He pursues prey in order to satisfy his hunger, and he attacks human rivals because they diminish his chances of obtaining this satisfaction. In hunger, therefore, we discover his aboriginal motive of action, and an analysis of the feeling of hunger shows that in common with other primitive appetites and desires it implies the discrimination of a possible as opposed to an existing state of the self. Strike a stone and it remains motionless. Strike a worm and the shrinkage of its organism and its hurried retreat declare both its living unity and its sense of a pain for which it seeks relief. Elongating itself in the sunshine, the protozoön affirms its discrimination between a state of

greater and one of less warmth and its decided preference for the former. In like manner, through the struggle for food animals and primitive men assert their consciousness of a possible state of satisfaction as contrasted with a state of discomfort.

"Recognizing that coiled up in feeling is discrimination between actual and possible states of the self, we celebrate with joy the birth of the ideal in the soul. Twin born with the ideal is purpose or design. Through a progressive ascent of ideals are produced all the metamorphoses of spiritual evolution. Finally, the ascent of ideals takes place both in feeling and in thought, and children may become unselfish in their emotions long before they comprehend altruistic imperatives. It is in this way that an ideal born of sympathy with free activity supersedes the pugnacious instinct which rises to meet the challenge of living creatures, and it is precisely the object of Froebel's Fish in the Brook so to strengthen the spiritual tie as finally to overcome the predatory reaction."

There was a rustle of approval throughout the class, and all seemed to feel that light had been thrown on our problem. A bright young girl sit-

ting near me whispered "Miss —— has what might be called a prehensile mind. She can twist her thought tighter around an idea and hold on longer to it than any one I ever knew." The little kindergartner with the New England conscience heaved a sigh of relief and said she could now accept without scruple the theory of an imperative motor response to the defiance of life and movement, and, indeed, since the problem of spiritual evolution, as we had learned from the All-Gone Song, was to make by unmaking, she was beginning to discern in fatality the condition of freedom.

The conversation now became general, and I can not remember who suggested the different points. Many experiences with children were related, and memories of childhood were recalled. Several mothers had taken their little children to the country, shown them fishes swimming in a brook, and verified all Froebel says of their desire to catch the lively creatures, and their dismay when the motionless fish lies gasping on the grass.\* One

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\* "Brother, catch me one of the fishes swimming so merrily in the brook. Look at this little one—now it is here, now it is there. Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is bent; it is so pretty whatever it does. Oh, if I could only swim and glide and dip! If I could wriggle and slip, how I would tease

mother told of the delight of her four-year-old boy when he discovered that by making a scoop of his hands and dipping them in the stream he could bring up water and minnows together, and thus hold the living, twisting, wriggling creatures. Many kindergartners had tried to break up the habit of snatching at different objects by getting the children to notice and name things they could catch with their eyes and ears. Several related simple stories illustrating the idea of spiritual possession. All agreed that by imitating the activity of fish and bird the child satisfied the impulse which prompted their seizure.

An attempt was made to connect the motto, song, and commentary of the Fish in the Brook with its predecessors. Omitting the Falling Song, which was recognized as the unsolicited effort of mother love to call forth responding trust and affec-

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you, brother, if you tried to catch *me* ! Please, brother, catch me a fish."

"Here is a fish for you, little sister, but hold it tight or it will slip away."

"But, brother, it doesn't move any more; it only lies stretched out straight. But it is alive, for it gasps. I will lay it on the grass; then it will begin moving again. Oh, it does not move even in the grass; it lies quite straight and still. Why won't it move?" See Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother-Play, I. E. S., vol. xxxi, p. 117.

tion, it was said that all the songs thus far considered had shown advancing degrees of self-activity in the child and increasing recognition of self-activity in his environment. The Play with the Limbs had claimed the child's own motor activity as the point of departure for his development. The Weather Vane had shown him interpreting movement not his own by a process of unconscious introspection. The All-Gone commentary had indicated the transition from a blind response to external seduction to the impulsion of conscious ideals. The Tick-Tack had found in the allurement of the clock the point of departure for a rhythmic or circular activity. The Taste Song had noted the dawning consciousness that qualities are the deposit of activities. The Flower Song and commentary had interpreted the child's faith in the flower fairy as a presentiment of the truth that wherever there is self-activity there is a self or soul. The songs of Beckoning the Chickens and Pigeons had signalized the discovery of life or the ascent of the child's consciousness beyond the stage of mere animism. The Fish in the Brook declared the craving of life for life. Always the living soul panted for more and fuller life, and it was because of their abounding

vitality and incessant movement that fishes and birds appealed so irresistibly to the child's imagination. There was perfect unanimity with regard to this connection between the several songs, but some one said it had always been a puzzle to her why Froebel had preferred the fish to the bird as an illustration of the magnetic charm of free life and movement. The fish was pent in the brook. The bird had the freedom of all space. Fairy heroes possessed flying horses, flying saddles, flying boots, or flying ships. Was there any physical freedom like the freedom of wings? Was not the flight of the bird always the favorite poetic symbol of the flight of the spirit?

"Wings that flutter in sunny air,  
Wings that dive and dip and dare,  
Wings of the humming bird flashing by,  
Wings of the lark in the purple sky,  
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloof,  
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof,  
Wings of the storm bird swift and free  
With wild winds sweeping across the sea—  
Often and often a voice in me sings,  
Oh, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!"\*

One of our brightest neophytes thought she could answer this question. She had been reading

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\* From The Child Garden.

Froebel's life, and believed that the seed thought of the Fish in the Brook had germinated in his mind at the time he became a teacher. He had been a forester, clerk in a revenue office, twice private secretary to wealthy agriculturists, and, dissatisfied with all these vocations, had finally decided to become an architect. Then the destiny that shapes our ends led him to Frankfurt, and brought him in contact with Gruner and his school. Gruner, a man of keen discernment, soon became convinced that Froebel was a born educator, and offered him a position as teacher. Long reflection is never necessary when native impulse throws its whole weight upon one side of a question, and on the very day after Gruner's proposition was made Froebel found himself standing among his scholars, and feeling, as in his astonishment he wrote to his brother, "like a fish in water, like a bird in the air." He had found his element. "If," continued the speaker, "we interpret our play in the light of this personal experience, we can understand Froebel's preference for the fish. The element in which the fish moves can be seen; the element in which the bird moves is invisible. Child and bird live in the same element, whereas the fish requires a different element.

The bird can still live though caught and caged, but the fish dies when taken out of the water, and is therefore a better illustration of the dependence of free activity upon its ideal environment, and a more emphatic warning against that direct seizure which defeats its own aim. Finally, as Froebel's motto makes very clear, the crystal stream suggests the spiritual purity which is the condition of all joyous spiritual activity. 'Where active life is found, thither turns the child's eye. When such active life is in a *clear, transparent element* the child's heart swells with waves of joy.' " \*

At this moment some one who happened to glance at her slip of questions exclaimed, "I had forgotten all about our questions, but three of them are answered." A lively member declared that by change of emphasis we had managed to spend an hour over four words. She would review and sum up our discussion.

"*Why* seize the fish?"

"*Why* seize the fish?"

"*Why* seize *the* fish?"

Attention was thus consciously directed to the fourth question, and a generalizing activity seized

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\* Mottoes and Commentaries, p. 295.

upon the collective mind of the class. Generalizer number one thought that we did not sufficiently consider the relationship of individuality to its domestic, economic, and social environment. She had been reading *Wilhelm Meister*, and had found in it a wonderful study of different typical individuals and of the necessity laid upon each to find his own domestic and social affinities and his specific vocation. *Wilhelm*, hating the merchant class into which he was born, thought himself intended for an artist, but at last discovered his true vocation in surgery. He imagined himself successively in love with the affectionate but misguided *Philina*, the romantic countess, the practical and efficient *Teresa*, until at last his heart discovered its true ideal in the noble *Natalia*. Finally, he ascended from the commercial class, through the artistic class, into the nobility, acquiring gradually the free personality and graceful bearing of the aristocrat. To his old merchant friend *Werner* he seemed after long separation to have grown taller, stronger, straighter, and in surprise the latter cried: "Thou hast spent thy time badly and I suppose gained nothing, but it must be owned thou art grown a piece of manhood which can not fail to turn to

somewhat." Wilhelm's history was that of an individuality disclosed to itself through the discovery of its ideal environment. This process of finding the self through finding the world in which it could live and act without constraint was shown not only in the career of the hero, but in the lives of many of the subordinate characters, each of whom Goethe conducted to his elect mate and his elect vocation. Even Philina had one useful talent: she could cut out wonderfully well-fitting garments. Foolish Lydia was a dextrous needlewoman; the mad-cap Friedrich had a rare memory, and was a born reporter. Hence these seemingly worthless individuals became useful members of the industrial and educational society whose foundation was the work of the master spirits of the book. Under the control of this society, finally, was a pedagogic province in which children were reared in accordance with their differing individualities, so that they might the sooner learn to know themselves and the vocation to which Nature had predestined them.

The buzz and hum which followed this summary of Goethe's great educational romance sank into silence as the widowed mother of a large and happy family rose to speak. We had all begged her

to join our society, because we knew what treasures of wisdom must be laid up in the storehouse of her rich experience. She had drawn a different lesson from the crystal stream and the pure air. Instead of emphasizing the special element necessary for each individual, she had thought of the need of all individuals to live in a clear and invigorating spiritual atmosphere. She had with her Froebel's Education of Man, from which she read the following passage: "It is highly important for man that in the period of infancy he absorb nothing morbid, low, mean; nothing ambiguous, nothing bad. The looks, the countenances, of attendants should therefore be pure; indeed, every phase of the surroundings should be firm and sure, arousing and stimulating confidence, pure and clear; pure air, clear light, a clean room, however needy it may be in other respects. For, alas, often the whole life of man is not sufficient to efface what he has absorbed in childhood, the impressions of early youth, simply because his whole being, like a large eye, as it were, was opened to them and wholly given up to them. Often the hardest struggles of man with himself, and even the later most adverse and oppressive events in his life, have their origin

in this stage of development; for this reason the care of the infant is so important." \* "The conscious effort of my life," continued our kind and helpful friend, "has been to create for my children what the French call a *milieu*, the English and Americans an *atmosphere*, and the Germans a *Stimmung*. The German word is best because it clearly accentuates an internal as opposed to an external environment. I had an early premonition of the truths to which Professor Baldwin has recently called attention, and though I could not have put my feeling into words I realized that the 'child's soul reflects the whole system of influences which combine to stir its sensibilities; that in so far as his sensibilities are stirred he imitates, that by imitating he forms habits, and that habits are character.' † I have, therefore, never allowed my children to have a coarse or even an ignorant nurse. I have not kept them away from other children, because I was sure that isolation would exaggerate individual and family idiosyncrasies. I have preferred kindergartens and schools to governesses and tutors,

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\* Education of Man, Hailmann's Translation, p. 24.

† See Mental Development in the Child and the Race, James Mark Baldwin, p. 358.

and I have checked all exclusive friendships because aside from other dangers they are confining and give no room for growth. I talk much with my children and keep a shaping hold on their ideals by throwing in their way invigorating literature, and I try to make amends for my own shortcomings by drawing to our home friends of differing tastes, sympathies, and interests. We have artistic friends, literary friends, musical, scientific, and philosophic friends, and their influence upon my boys and girls has proved how much better it is to inspire than to exhort. But far above all other aid and succor I count the beneficent presence in our home of a saintly grandmother, the influence of a happy church life, and the guidance of a rarely wise pastor. For all ideals have their root in the religious ideal, and if this be not firmly planted in the soil of the heart, I see not how we can expect the fruitage of a useful and happy life. So my prayer, like Froebel's, is 'that it may be given me to educate men and women who shall stand with their feet on God's earth while their minds penetrate God's heaven, who shall be rooted like the tree in the one, that like the tree they may aspire toward the other; whose hearts shall unite earth

and heaven, being fed by the rich and varied life of the world, and filled with the blessed peace of God.' "

My letter threatens to be of formidable length, so I must omit the conversation which followed these remarks, and hasten to epitomize the suggestions of the next speaker. Reverting to the child's attempt to catch the fish and the bird, she asked if throughout life we were not like him, confounding physical with spiritual possession. How we longed to own some favorite book; how often after we had made it ours we forgot to reread it! How many a bride lost in her busy husband the happy interchange of thought and feeling she had had with her betrothed! How many parents, satisfied with their children's caresses, failed to win their confidence! How many souls stilled with creeds and ritual the aspiration for union with a living God! Should we think it very far-fetched if she confessed that some great historic movements seemed to her explained by this same confusion of spiritual with physical possession? Men had needed the Crusades to teach them that it was folly to seek the living Christ in a sepulchre. Christendom found no satisfaction in conquering the Holy Land

and literally walking in the footsteps of the Saviour. Its inner craving was not appeased by shiploads of holy earth brought from Palestine to Europe. The living soul needed a living Christ, and the heart hunger which inspired the Crusades was satisfied in the Reformation.\*

It was growing late, and I was beginning to feel I must close the conference when at last up rose our sweet saint, one clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and who in face of what is untrue and ignoble can be terrible as an army with banners. No saint of fiction is she, with an unconquered and unreal perfection, but one of the true saints, like Moses, whose meekness was a throttled anger; like Job, whose sublime faith was a slain and trampled doubt; like the whole host of ransomed spirits, who in the holy city receive the reward of them that overcome. I knew that she would be silent so long as there were any willing to speak, for upon her lowly mind has never dawned the thought that she can be as helpful as others. Yet which one of all the members of our society does not realize that no

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\* See Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, English Translation, pp. 405, 410, 431, 432. See also *Mother-Play Songs, a Commentary* by Denton J. Snider.

meeting is truly consecrate until our sweet saint speaks the hallowing word. She had written what she wished to say, for she is shy withal and can not depend on readiness of speech. I borrowed her paper at the end of the meeting, and copy it now for you.

"The last four questions given to guide our study have been very helpful to me, and I am wondering if I can put into words the thoughts they have stirred. The clew to their meaning is Froebel's suggestion that while the magnet which attracts the child to bird and fish is free activity in a pure element, the yearning which this attraction implies can be satisfied only as the soul itself achieves perfect self-activity. But perfect self-activity implies self-environment, for so long as thought or will depend upon an environment different from themselves for their incitement they are neither self-originated nor self-sustained. We are not free in sense-perception, for the activities of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and sight are dependent upon *presented* objects. We are not free when we recall past perceptions, for we can only recall what *has been* presented, and thus, while delivered from a spatial, are enthralled by a temporal environment.

But we are free when we think of causal energies, because we are then translating into consciousness our own causal power. Furthermore, since all men are causative beings, all individuals can comprehend causal processes, and therefore through causal explanation we achieve intellectual community.

"As thought is not free in sense-perception, so will is not free when prompted to action either by environment or by that blind impulse wherein mind is external to itself. Will begins to be free when by thinking a possible state of things in place of one that actually exists it originates conscious motives. Testing its self-originated motives by action, it learns to discriminate those which contradict from those which coincide with its own ideal nature, and in obedience to the latter achieves absolute self-activity or perfect liberty.

"Thus far I had journeyed in my search for a self-originating and hence self-environing activity, when an illuminating flash of thought revealed to me the true meaning of Kant's moral imperative: 'So act that thy deed will not contradict itself if made the universal act of all intelligent beings.' As men achieved intellectual solidarity through thinking causal energies, so they achieved moral

solidarity through obeying altruistic ideals. Here indeed was thought environed by thought, will environed by will. And self-environing or universal thought and will, what could they be other than the thought and will of God!

“Lost in meditation, I had forgotten all about our song and play when, as the identity of the ideal human with the divine defined itself in my consciousness, my thought suddenly reverted to its point of departure. I remembered the fish in the water, the bird in the air, and as I connected the joyful activity of each with its appropriate element the mists still clinging to my mental horizon rolled away, and there dawned upon me the sunrise of a new heaven and a new earth. Was the final truth not a God immanent in the world, but rather a world immanent in God? Were we living in God as the fish lives in the water and the bird in the air? Was the divine life the element in which alone our souls could exercise a free activity, and yet, since we were in the image of God, were we self-environmenting because God environed? Was all spiritual life interpenetrating and interpenetrable, and was each spirit therefore not limited, but extended by the boundary of other spirits? I remembered that the

physical universe was spread out in infinite or self-limiting space, and that through this including yet isolating environment each object received the guarantee of individuality. Were all spirits thus included in God, who through this very inclusion assured ‘the eternal form which shall still divide the eternal soul from all beside’? And, last of all, might it be because all souls were at home in God that searching for him we wandered from him?

“‘Oh, where is the sea?’ the fishes cried  
As they swam the crystal clearness through;  
‘We’ve heard from of old of the ocean’s tide  
And we long to look on the waters blue.  
The wise ones speak of an infinite sea;  
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?’

“The lark flew up in the morning bright  
And sang and balanced on sunny wings,  
And this was its song: ‘I see the light;  
I look on a world of beautiful things;  
And flying and singing everywhere  
In vain I have sought to find the air.’”

Do you wonder that I was happy as I walked home under the starlit sky? Those with whom I had held communion were all my friends, some of them dear pupils and children of my soul. They were trying to *learn* all they could, *be* all they could, *do* all they could. I was sure that each

truth intellectually discerned would be wrought into character, and I knew that in the home and in the kindergarten they would live with and for the children. In them the eager craving for self-culture was mated with the consecrated impulse of child nurture. I had seen of the travail of my soul, and was satisfied.

THE END.



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